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## THE BRITISH NAVY.

### NO. X.—QUARTER-DECK OFFICERS, THEIR QUALIFICATIONS AND DUTIES.

"Order is Heaven's first law; and this contest,  
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest."—POPE.

WE resume our description of the remaining officers with the MASTER, whose situation is one of great trust.

This office is always filled by a seaman of first-rate ability, and he is usually educated in the merchant's service. Of late years, the attempt to rear masters in the navy has been made, but with questionable success; and the policy of such a course is doubtful, because it is unwise to draw greater distinction than can possibly be avoided between the queen's and merchants' service, on which latter, as the principal element of our maritime power, the navy is so greatly dependent for its resources.

In practice, it is found that training from childhood through the different gradations of the naval service produces the most accomplished officers in the superior departments; but masters educated in trading ships have always proved equal to the duties required of them, and better contented with their condition than others of higher aspirations, who are induced to accept—or *bear up* for, as it is called—a master's warrant, when all hope of promotion in the regular line has passed away.

In the earliest records of our naval history, we find "masters" retained to navigate ships, whilst the captains—generally soldiers—were selected for their reputation and courage to command them in battle; and this was the case in the reign of Elizabeth, as appears by statute v. cap. 5 of that reign, and down to the time of the Commonwealth.

The qualifications at present necessary to constitute a master are, that he shall have served seven years at sea—two of which in the navy, as acting master, master's mate, or second master; or one year as chief mate, and two years in command, or two years as chief mate, and one year in command, of a private ship. If regularly brought up in the navy, he is required to serve six years as master's assistant. He must be provided with certificates to this effect, and undergo such examination as the lords of the Admiralty direct,—that is, before a committee of the Trinity Board; when he is questioned as to his knowledge of the different landmarks, the mode of entering the principal harbours and roadsteads, the soundings in various channels, position of lighthouses, &c., and his general ability as a pilot in the English Channel, from the North Foreland to the Land's End.

These examinations he undergoes successively, as he qualifies for higher rates, between the ages of twenty-one and forty. His duty is to superintend the fitting of the rigging, stowage of the ballast, water, and provisions, and so to dispose the weights as to insure the ascertained sailing trim,—or the *builder's trim*, if the vessel has not been previously tried at sea,—and to arrange the daily consumption of stores, water, and provisions, so as to preserve this trim. The navigation of the ship is under his especial charge, and he reports daily to the captain the latitude and longi-

tude, as well as the bearings and distance of the nearest land. He has the care of the chronometers, charts, compasses, &c., also of the log-book; and frequently measures the log-line and the half-minute glass, to insure their correctness; he takes charge of the keys of the after-hold and spirit-room, and never permits these places to be opened, but in presence of one of his mates.

Besides the assumed position of the ship, he reports daily to the captain the state of the masts, sails, and rigging, the quantity of water remaining on board; visits the warrant officers' store-rooms and the sail-room; for, although he has not the individual charge of the various stores, he exercises a general surveillance over the whole, being one of the "signing officers," who testify that every article is properly expended.

When the ship is in sight of land, or in soundings, the master's duty is most responsible, being always required on the look-out, and to see that the anchors and cables, and everything connected therewith, commonly called "ground tackle," are in proper order. In action, he attends expressly to the steerage, and places the vessel in whatever position the captain commands. He is, in fact, one of the most valuable officers in the ship, and although generally contented to remain in his present rank,—his aspirations being limited to the post of master of the fleet, or attendant of a dock-yard, (the highest offices he can attain,)—he is nevertheless eligible to be made lieutenant, and advanced in the regular line of promotion; and there are cases of masters having arrived at high rank in the naval service.

Cook, the celebrated circumnavigator, one of the most talented officers the British navy ever possessed, was originally a master, and so was Bligh, a navigator of great repute; both were advanced to be captains. But the most remarkable instance on record is that of Mr. Bowen, who was master of Lord Howe's ship in the glorious 1st of June.

That distinguished veteran, irritated at the unprofitable result of two days' partial cannonading, was resolved to decide the matter on the third. Watching his opportunity, and impressed with the necessity of setting an example to his captains, some of whom had disobeyed or disregarded his signals, Lord Howe ordered the master to steer the Queen Charlotte through the enemy's line, and place her alongside of the French admiral's ship, the Montagne, of 120 guns. Mr. Bowen conned\* the ship so closely, that the fly of the Frenchman's ensign swept the Queen Charlotte's rigging, and having secured this advantageous position for raking, whilst the broadside was pouring in, and producing destruction, he approached the admiral, and taking off his hat, addressed him thus, with respectful ceremony, "My lord, have I placed her (the ship) as your lordship wished?" The gallant old chief, elated at the success of this daring manœuvre, and struck with admiration at the coolness and demeanour of the master at such a time, exclaimed, grasping his hand, "Bowen, you my-lord me, and my-lord me, but you're a noble fellow yourself, Bowen, and deserve to be a prince. Please God we live the day out, I'll be the making of you." And Lord Howe kept his word, for he made him lieu-

\* To con, is to direct the person at the wheel (helm) how to steer the ship.

tenant, and procured his promotion to commander and captain the following year; and his lordship also used his influence to get him appointed agent for the prizes, which put 10,000*l.* into his pocket. Captain Bowen afterwards became a commissioner of the navy, and maintained a high character throughout life, amply justifying the discrimination of his distinguished patron.

There are several cases recorded in our naval history, where masters have succeeded to the command of ships, after all the superior officers had been killed or wounded; and in no instance that we recollect have they failed in their duty in these, or any other circumstances, where their abilities were tested.

The pay of the master we have already stated in Article Third. His half-pay varies from 5*s.* to 7*s.* a day; the senior one hundred on the list having 7*s.*, the next two hundred 6*s.*, and all the remainder 5*s.* per diem.

The SECOND MASTER undergoes a similar examination to the master, before he can obtain a warrant; and his duty is to assist his superior and to write the log. He is eligible to be promoted in the regular line, but has no half-pay when unemployed.

We next pass to the SURGEON, whose principal duty the reader will readily suppose to be the care of the sick; but he is also required to watch the appearance of disease, particularly in unhealthy climates; for although there are, in all ships, skulkers, ready enough to apply to the "doctor," as the surgeon is always called, and to get upon his "list," a good seaman dreads nothing more than being physicked; and would frequently bear up against illness, nor complain until too late, unless the doctor detected the symptoms. For this reason, and also to check any contagious eruptions in due time, the surgeon accompanies the captain when inspecting divisions, and scrutinises every man as he passes.

The health, and consequently the efficiency of the crew, greatly depends upon the intelligence, care, and forethought of this functionary; and, as "precaution is better than cure," he is strictly directed to ascertain that every man on board has undergone the small or the cow pox, and to vaccinate all doubtful cases.

Naval surgeons are particularly distinguished for their superior proficiency, but this was not always the case; for tens of thousands of seamen's lives were formerly sacrificed to the improvidence of government, in neglecting or refusing to provide competent medical aid, and restoratives for the use of the sick. It was stated in parliament, that in the seven years' war, ending 1762, when Lord Anson controlled our naval affairs with greater ability and success than at any former period, no less than 130,000 seamen—or upwards of 18,000 annually—perished from disease on board the fleet, principally from scurvy! whereas, at present, the mortality amongst seamen, notwithstanding the unhealthy climates some of them are obliged to serve in,—the coast of Africa particularly, where the havoc is frightful,—is actually less than amongst the same number of persons on shore.

This important improvement in the medical statistics of the navy was, in a great measure, effected by the late Lord Melville, who held out such inducements as attracted competent skill into the service, by increasing the pay, and giving to naval surgeons a rank equal to their position in society.

The qualification for surgeon is, that he shall have served three years afloat as assistant surgeon, and passed the customary medical examinations.

We have already, in Article Third, alluded to the surgeon's duty in harbour, particularly as regards the inspection of the volunteers or draughts of men, as they appear on board; he is also commanded to provide certain books and surgical instruments; to inspect those of his assistants frequently; to insure that his dispensary is fully supplied with proper medicines, that the quantity

of restoratives allowed is provided, of good quality. To visit the sick-berth—or *bay*, as it is called—at least twice a day; taking care that one of his assistants is in frequent, or, if the necessity exists, constant attendance therein. To be watchful to detect, and instantly to take means to prevent, the extension of any contagious disease. To visit recesses where he may suspect foul air to be lurking, and report to the first lieutenant the necessity for ventilation or for stoves; to cause his assistants to inspect the ship's coppers; and to present a report of the state of the sick and convalescent daily; placing another "sick-list" in the binnacle, for the information of the officer of the watch, in order that the persons named therein may be excused from duty. He is expected also to make periodical reports to the physician-general, not only of his practice, but to describe the different climes he visits, the diseases prevalent therein, manner of treatment, specifics in use, and such botanical data as he is capable of elucidating; in fact, to notice everything that can tend to throw light on subjects connected with his profession. He also makes periodical reports of the conduct and ability of his assistants, and of the names of maimed or wounded persons to whom he has given certificates entitling them to *smart money*.\*

To perform all that we have enumerated requires no small ability, and, perhaps, in no branch of the profession is more talent to be found, distinguished by less pretension, than amongst naval surgeons, several of whom are in great repute as practitioners in the metropolis, and generally preferred by the lieges wherever they settle when on half-pay; in proof of which, the local faculty have frequently endeavoured to prevent their practising, and obtained an order from the Admiralty, prohibiting those on full-pay, or in civil departments—such as the dock-yards, from doing so.

Nevertheless, it will be admitted that in time of action, when patients are brought in quick succession to the surgeon, he is apt, like Smollett's Mackahane, to make short work of it, and take off a shattered limb—thus reducing the wound to a simple one,—rather than be at the trouble of saving it when the case is doubtful; neither are the assistants so well disposed as poor Morgan and Roderick to volunteer the responsibility of a cure. We recollect, on the day after the battle of Trafalgar, when amputation was going forward rifely in the cock-pit, upon the wounded Spaniards, as well as our own men, the loblollyboy† in carrying a leg that had just been cut off to the main-deck, for the purpose of throwing it overboard, was accosted by one of the boatswain's mates, who required to know what he had got concealed under his apron. On producing the leg—a very handsome one, belonging to an unfortunate Spaniard, who had made his first essay in that momentous battle,—Pipes took it in his hand, and turned it round and round, scrutinising it closely; at length he broke out with an oath, "What a shame to cut off such a leg as this? why, 'tis a precious deal better one than either of mine!"—and pulling up his trousers, he exhibited his blackened shins, ulcerated and swollen with scurvy; that frightful disease being too deeply implanted in some of the old seamen to be eradicated by the specifics then coming into use, and which have since proved so successful.

There is a small fund placed at the disposal of the surgeon, (12*l.* per annum in a third rate,) and to this the officers frequently subscribe, or turn over bets or winnings. By the aid of this, and the restoratives furnished in the shape of preserved meat, vegetables,

\* "*Smart money*" is a round sum paid in compensation for some bodily injury sustained in the execution of duty. It is sometimes given in addition to pensions, but most frequently in lieu thereof.

† The "loblollyboy" is the person who carries medicine out, prepares and spreads poultices, &c., and he is under the complete control of the surgeon and his assistants.

&c., one or more messes formed for the convalescents are supplied with such necessaries as can be procured, whenever opportunity offers. The first choice of all fish taken, or of fruits, or indeed any luxury or refreshment that falls in the way, is always appropriated by the surgeon; and there can be no doubt that the sick are as well cared for on board ships of war as in most other situations, and much better than men in the same class of life as sailors would be on shore; whether we consider the skillful advice, the marked and regular attendance, or the medicines and restoratives so liberally provided for their relief.

The object of the surgeon's ambition is to arrive at the post of physician general of the navy, physician of the fleet, of Greenwich, or the naval hospitals; these being well paid and comfortable offices. The duty of the assistant is designated in his title, and the only difference between him and the surgeon is, that he is of inferior rank. He must be twenty years of age, and have passed the usual medical examination. The half-pay of surgeons is 5s. per diem, and 6s. after he has served six years. There are few assistant surgeons permitted to remain on half-pay, but when that is the case they have 2s. per diem, and 3s. after three years.

The PURSER has charge of the victualling department. His pay is nominally small, but his emoluments are considerable, being derived, first, from the portion which he can reserve from the tenth part of every article allowed for waste, and which is paid for when returned into store, or accounted for at the Victualling-office, at a fixed price; and, secondly, from what he can save out of his "necessary money," the sum allowed for providing certain articles, such as coals, candles, fire-wood, oil, &c. &c. &c. He has also five per cent. on the slops, and ten per cent. on the tobacco issued to the crew; and, altogether, the purser's income, in a 74-gun ship, may be estimated at five or six hundred per annum at the least. It is often much more, and by bad management may be rendered almost nil; but this will depend very much on his own conduct, and that of his steward who serves out the provisions.

The purser generally endeavours to conciliate those who have a control over the expenditure, and, as penuriousness is by no means esteemed by seamen, they are very apt to "sweat" (as they call it) a stingy purser,—that is, be prodigal or wasteful in expending his necessaries, when they would be more considerate to one whom they esteemed as liberal. For this reason, the experienced purser takes care to give no offence in this respect, knowing that it is his interest to insure a good and sufficient supply of every necessary he is required to provide.

The qualifications for this office are, that he shall have served three years in the navy, two of which in the rating of captain's clerk, that he is between twenty and thirty-five years of age, and has undergone an examination as to his proficiency in common arithmetic, book-keeping, the mode of issuing provisions as well as the substitute for various sorts, and that he is, in fact, qualified to discharge all the duties of purser. The offices of greatest emolument to which he aspires are, comptrollership of victualling the navy, hospitals, and the flag-ships of the port admirals, on board of which many supernumeraries are occasionally victualled. He is expected to "make hay while the sun shines," for his half-pay is only 4s. per day, increased to 5s. and 6s. as he advances on the list; and even this was but lately augmented to its present amount, by reducing the allowance of savings from those afloat from eighths to tenths. The purser is charged with a sum of money for the payment of the monthly portion of wages, now allotted to such seamen as choose to receive it; and, as he is in trust of considerable property altogether, he is required to provide responsible sureties, who are liable until his complicated accounts are audited and passed.

The CHAPLAIN must be a clergyman of the Established Church, in priest's orders, with satisfactory credentials as to character, and he is required to perform the church service, and to preach a sermon on the Sabbath; to console the sick or the dying, to instruct the young gentlemen, and also the boys of the ship, in the principles of the Christian religion, and to superintend the person who teaches the latter the Catechism, and, in his due performance of all this, he must produce the captain's certificate before he can receive his arrears of pay. Formerly the chaplain was permitted to fill the office of schoolmaster also, in consideration of which he had, in addition to

his pay, a bounty of 30*l.* per annum; also 5*l.* per annum deducted from the wages of each of the young gentlemen his pupils, and this made a handsome addition to his otherwise scanty income. By a recent regulation professed naval instructors have been appointed, and it is probable that the office of naval chaplain will decline, and the church service be either read by the captain, or some one of the officers, as is the case at present in ships that do not possess one. When unemployed the chaplain's half-pay is five shillings per diem, increased six-pence per diem after eight years, for every year's further service at sea, until it reaches ten shillings. The dock-yards, hospitals, &c., at home and abroad, afford desirable appointments for chaplains, and these are generally bestowed upon the oldest on the list.

The NAVAL INSTRUCTOR is an office of recent creation, being intended to direct the studies of the young gentlemen in mathematics, French, and the classics to such as enter with some knowledge of Greek and Latin. He has, in addition to his pay, the same allowances formerly made to chaplains, when they undertook the duty of schoolmaster. It is necessary the naval instructor shall be a graduate of one of the universities, and he is required to qualify in the theory of projectiles, on board the *Excellent*,\* before he is appointed to this office. He has two shillings per day half-pay, and this is increased to three shillings after three years' service afloat.

The master, surgeon, purser, chaplain, and naval instructor rank with captains in the army, and lieutenants in the navy; but they are subordinate to them for all purposes of discipline or precedence.

The duty of the marine officers when afloat consists in frequently inspecting their men, and occasionally exercising them—trooping a guard daily in fine weather, &c. When the marines are landed and brigaded, they perform precisely the same duties as military officers of equal rank, and unless when this is the case their labours are so light as to render them "idlers" in the eyes of seamen, being required to keep no watch, and having little control over their men at the ordinary ship's duties. There was an anecdote current after the battle of the Nile respecting a seaman of the *Bellerophon* who had performed a very daring and meritorious deed—we believe it was casting off the spring from the cable when under the fire of the French three-decker, and probably saving the ship—which shows Jack's estimation of the captain of marines. The man—a petty officer—was sent for by Nelson after the action, who applauded his conduct, and inquired what he could do for him; expecting, no doubt, that he would ask for a boatswain's or a gunner's warrant—these being the offices to which seamen before the mast† aspire. He requested to be made a captain of marines! and on Nelson assuring him it was quite out of the question,—“Well, then,” said Jack, “mayhap your honour can make me a parson?” When convinced that his last request was as unreasonable as the first, and admonished by the admiral to ask for something within his power to grant—“No, sir,” replied Jack, “if I cannot have one of these ratings, I'll remain as I am; they are the only two easy berths in the ship, every body else has plenty to do!” and in this humour he quitted the admiral's presence, to the great amusement of those who witnessed the interview.

Being on the subject of the marines, we shall relate another anecdote, connected with the battle of the Nile, to prove that Scripture learning was not, even at that time, deficient in our vessels of war. The captain of marines of one of the ships leading into action had his jollies drawn up, and, although not very fond of haranguing, he thought it orthodox, upon such an occasion, to deliver a few words of encouragement. Instead of adopting the usual and hackneyed course of reminding his men, that they were Britons, of the necessity for maintaining the honour of their flag, and more particularly the honour of their corps, which had never been sullied, he cut the matter short in the following words:—“The shore you see yonder is the land of Egypt; before us is the French fleet, which we are now advancing to engage, and all I can tell you is this, that if you do not fight like devils to-night, to-morrow you will be in the house of bondage.”‡

\* An establishment at Portsmouth for instructing officers and men in the theory and practice of naval gunnery.

† When speaking of common seamen it is usual to designate them as before the mast. The word common is seldom used for this purpose.

‡ This anecdote is related of Sir John Savage, a very distinguished officer, lately retired after more than fifty years' service, in which he had the good fortune to be present in three or four general actions.



The marine officers return to barracks when not required for sea service, and they are embarked in regular rotation from a list called a "royster." When unemployed the half-pay of the captain of marines is 7s.—the first lieutenant 4s., and 4s. 6d. after seven years in that rank—the second lieutenant 3s. per diem. In this corps promotion goes by seniority; they attain to the highest military rank, and partake of all brevets. Promotion is slow but sure; and as the pay is sufficient to uphold the rank, from the first entry, and the corps has always maintained a distinguished reputation, it is a desirable profession for a youth to enter whose inclination is for military vocation. There is no qualification required except that the candidate is tolerably educated, free from physical defects, and under twenty-one years of age. The patronage is in the first lord of the admiralty, who considerably bestows the appointments, as vacancies occur, upon the sons of old officers.

It remains to speak of the GUNNER, BOATSWAIN, and CARPENTER, the two first being well-qualified seamen—commonly called the warrant officers—and all those promoted from before the mast. They have charge of the ship's stores; all those pertaining to the armament being under the care of the gunner, whilst the boatswain "takes care of the rigging," as the song says, and the carpenter looks after the spars. Each has a store-room and a yeoman, and they are required to render very strict accounts of the expenditure, their books being signed by the captain and master. The gunner exercises a division of the crew occasionally at the great guns, and at small arms he is assisted in this duty by the master-at-arms and ship's corporals, who form, properly speaking, the police of the ship. The three warrant officers are left in charge of the ship when out of commission, and, being always employed, there is no half-pay for this class. It is highly desirable that some change should be made respecting the qualifications of the gunner, that he should be relieved from that portion of his duty which relates to the rigging, and required to attain a competent knowledge of what more immediately belongs to the armament and every thing connected therewith. It is true that considerable improvement is palpable since the establishment of the Excellent at Portsmouth; but to fill this office as it should be filled requires a knowledge of mathematics, and which can only be obtained by preliminary education, such as it is scarcely possible for a common seaman to have acquired. The gunner should be in the British what he is in the French and Russian services, where the office is filled by a commissioned officer, qualified in the same school as the *artillerist*—instructed in the process of manufacturing and restoring gunpowder—in pyrotechnics—expansive force of gunpowder, &c. Upon the latter point we remember an anecdote which proves that even the untaught gunners of the old school had some philosophy, although it is not easy to comprehend how they had acquired it. During the memorable siege of Gibraltar it was proposed by the indomitable governor, General Elliot, the ancestor of the present first lord of the admiralty, to make a sortie, for the purpose of destroying the works which the Spaniards had raised against the fortress. It is well known that the late Sir Roger Curtis, then a young captain of the navy, being luckily present, distinguished himself greatly during the siege, and was high in the confidence and esteem of the governor. Sir Roger had a gunner, an old unsophisticated seaman, who proposed to destroy the enemy's works by a plan he had designed, and which was considered feasible enough, but the quantity of gunpowder he insisted on appeared to the military officers as remarkably small. The old man was introduced by his captain to Sir Gilbert Elliot, and desired to describe his scheme, and on one of the officers objecting to it, and observing, in derision, that he supposed, with a couple of barrels of powder, he would undertake to blow up the rock of Gibraltar itself. "And so I could," replied the tar, "with a single cartridge, if it had no vent." Meaning that it was not the quantity of powder but the means he had devised for confining it, that was calculated to produce the greatest effect. It is a pity this principle has not been acted on long ago, by those whose business it is to know more about the matter than the seaman-gunner, and that what has only just been effected by reducing the weight, the windage, and consequently the charges of ships' cannon, had not been accomplished a century since.

Having now sketched the duties of the officers, their several positions, prospects, and expectations, we shall in our next endeavour to describe a naval battle, and, afterwards, bring our ship into port, pay off the crew, and return her into ordinary from whence we started.

#### ORIGIN OF PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

THE origin of periodical literature in this country is to be traced to the age of Elizabeth. England being threatened with a formidable invasion from Spain, the wise and prudent Burleigh projected "The English Mercurie," printed in the year 1588, with the design of conveying correct information to the people, and to relieve them from the danger of false reports, during the continuance of the boasted Spanish armada in the English channel. They were all extraordinary gazettes, published from time to time, as that profound statesman judged needful, and less frequently as the danger abated. The appetite for news thus excited was not suffered to rest long without a further supply. Nathaniel Butter established the first weekly paper in August, 1622, entitled "The Certain Newes of this Present Week," and within a few years other journals were started; but they did not become numerous until the time of the civil wars. During that season of contention, each party had its Diurnals, its Mercuries, and its Intelligencers, which arose into being as fast as the events which occasioned them. The great news-writer of that period was Marchmont Needham, of whose history and writings a large account is given by Anthony Wood. At the Restoration he was discharged by the Council of State from his post of public news-writer, Giles Dury and Henry Muddiman being appointed in his room. They were authorised to publish their papers on Mondays and Thursdays, under the title of "The Parliamentary Intelligencer," and "Mercurius Publicus." In August, 1663, the noted Roger L'Estrange obtained the appointment of sole patentee for the publication of intelligence, under the designation of "Surveyor of the Imprimery and Printing Presses;" and he was at the same time constituted one of the licensers of the press. By virtue of his newly-created office, he published two papers, entitled "The Intelligencer" and "The Newes," which appeared Mondays and Thursdays, until the beginning of January, 1665—6, when they were superseded by "The London Gazette," which became the property of Thomas Newcomb. From this time to the Revolution a variety of newspapers made their appearance, both for and against the Court. The most ingenious of its opponents was "The Weekly Packet of Advice from Rome; or the Popish Courant;" written by Henry Care, and continued for four years and a half, from December, 1678 to the 13th July, 1683. A rival paper, written with much wit and humour against Care, and other Whig writers, was "Heraclitus Ridens; or, a Discourse between Jest and Earnest; wherein many a true word is pleasantly spoken, in opposition to libellers against the Government." The first number appeared February, 1681, and the last August 22, 1682. Towards the end of Queen Anne's reign, when churchmen were desirous of rendering the dissenters ridiculous, in order to crush them, this work was reprinted in two volumes, with a preface full of misrepresentation and slander. The work itself contains some humorous songs and poems adapted to the loyalty of the times. Another contemporary paper, rendered notorious by its subversivity to the court and the scurrility of its pages, was "The Observer in Dialogue. By Roger L'Estrange, Esq." It commenced April 13, 1681, and was continued until the 9th of March, 1687. Proper titles, prefaces and indexes were then added to the work, which forms three volumes in folio. It is a curious record of the manners and illiberal spirit of the times. The events that followed the Revolution gave a new stimulus to inquiry, and multiplied the productions of the press; which also increased in value, and began to assume a more permanent form. Following the spirit of the age, Dunton projected "The Athenian Gazette; or Casuistical Mercury;" resolving all the most nice and curious questions proposed by the ingenious. The first number was published March 17, 1691, and the last the 8th Feb., 1696, which closed the 19th volume. Before this time the public journals were either restricted to temporary politics, or to the angry discussion of controverted subjects of an ecclesiastical nature, and of little benefit to the reader. Dunton has the merit of first giving them a literary turn; but his paper excluded politics, and the quaintness of the style rendered it uninviting to his readers. It was in the following reign that our periodical literature first acquired that polished style and intellectual vigour which had so decided an influence in improving the taste and manners of the age. Upon this account the reign of Queen Anne has been sometimes called the Augustan age; and it certainly abounded in men of genius and refined taste in every department of learning. The writings of Swift, Steele, and Addison, who adorned that period, were long considered the standards of good style.—*Wilson's Life of De Foe.*

## HOURS WITH THE POETS.—HERRICK.

As virtue is the crown of the female character, so is purity the halo of the poetical: wanting these qualities the beauties of both are, in the expressive language of the sacred writings, but as "whited sepulchres." Accordingly, in the mental history of our poets, as we find it developed in their works, their superiority in this respect bears an almost invariable relation to the greatness of their fame. The higher they ascend the Parnassian hill, the purer the air they breathe; the farther they leave behind them the dim and foul exhalations of earth, the nearer their approach to the unclouded blue of Heaven! But to return to the simile with which we began. Poetry, like woman, exhibits strange and unnatural conjunctions; and, as we sometimes see in the latter, a loose life combined with an estimable character, so, we may occasionally find in the former, a keen sense of the pure, the elevating, and the beautiful, with an unscrupulous abandonment to the gross, the debasing, and the loathsome. To confine ourselves to one of the poets thus characterised, there is not, perhaps, in the history of literature a more extraordinary instance than that of Herrick, who would be better known but for the very cause we have here intimated, and it is difficult to deny the justice of the punishment that has thus fallen upon the memory of the author of some of the sweetest and tersest little lyrics in the language. An edition of his writings, divested of all their deformities, would be a valuable contribution to our standard literature. Let us propitiate the reader's judgment in favour of our poet, with the following poem, which will, we doubt not, excite sufficient interest concerning him to make a short sketch of his life acceptable.

## CORINNA'S GOING A MAYING.

Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morn  
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.  
See how Aurora throws her faire  
Fresh-quilted colours through the aire;  
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see  
The dew bespangling herbe and tree.  
Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,  
Above an houre since, yet you not drest,  
Nay! not so much as out of bed;  
When all the birds have mattins sayd,  
And sung their thankfull hymnes; 'tis sin,  
Nay, profanation to keep in,  
When as a thousand virgins on this day  
Spring, sooner than the lark to fetch in May.  
Rise, and put on your foliage, and be soone  
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and greene,  
And sweet as Flora. Take no care,  
For Jewels for your gowne or haire;  
Feare not, the leaves will strow  
Gems in abundance upon you;  
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept  
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept.  
Come, and receive them while the light  
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night;  
And Titan on the eastern hill  
Retires himself or else stands still  
Till you come forth. Wash, dresse, be briefe in praying;  
Few beads are best, when once we goe a maying.  
Come, my Corinna, come; and comming marke  
How each field turns a street, each street a park;  
Made green, and trimm'd with trees; see how  
Devotion gives each house a bough,  
Or branch; each porch, each doore, ere this,  
An arke, a tabernacle is,  
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove;  
As if here were those cooler shades of love.  
Can such delights be in the street  
And open fields, and we not see't?  
Come, we'll abroad, and let's obey  
The proclamation made for May:  
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;  
But, my Corinna, come, let's goe a maying.  
There's not a budding boy or girl, this day,  
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.

A deale of youth, ere this, is come  
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.  
Some have dispatched their cakes and cream  
Before that we have left to dream;  
And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,  
And chose their priests, ere we can cast off sloth;  
\* \* \* \* \*

Many a glance too has been sent  
From out the eye, love's firmament;  
Many a jest told of the key's betraying  
This night, and looks pickt, yet w' are not a maying.

Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime,  
And take the harmlesse follie of the time.

We shall grow old apace and die  
Before we know our liberty.  
Our life is short, and our dayes run  
As fast away as do's the sunne;  
And as a vapour, or a drop of raine,  
Once lost, can ne'er be found againe;  
So when or you or I are made  
A fable, song, or fleeting shade;  
All love, all liking, all delight  
Lies down'd with us in endlesse night.  
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,  
Come, my Corinna, come, let's goe a maying.

This piece has all the beauty and freshness of the season, and the sports it celebrates; its whole atmosphere is redolent of the breath of May.

Robert Herrick, the son of a goldsmith of London, was born in Cheapside, 1591. It has been supposed that his education was much neglected in the early part of his life, owing to his father's large family and limited income; but when he reached his twenty-second year he obtained the patronage of an uncle, Sir William Heyrick,\* by whom he was entered a fellow-commoner of St. John's, Cambridge. Here he remained three years studying assiduously. It appears his college expenses exceeded the income he was allowed, and, on one occasion, he writes thus to his uncle: "My studie craves but your assistance to furnish her with books, wherein she is most desirous to labour. Blame not her modest boldness, but suffer the asperities of your love to distill upon her; and next to Heaven she will consecrate her labours unto you; and because that Time hath devoured some years, I am the more importunate in the craving." His requests, we may add, were generally successful. In 1618 Herrick turned his attention towards the law. He now removed to Trinity College in the hope of lessening his expenses. Having been so fortunate as to obtain the patronage of the earl of Exeter, he renounced the legal for the clerical profession, and received from that nobleman the living of Dean Prior, in Devonshire. Here he spent nineteen years of his life undisturbed, writing his poems, and enjoying the love of his wealthy neighbours for his "florid and witty discourse," and of his poorer, for the many popular qualities he possessed. He was a bachelor, and has been described at that time as living with no other attendants than a maid-servant, and a favourite pig which he had taught to drink out of a tankard. His sermons do not appear to have been very highly appreciated, for it is recorded that he one day threw his manuscripts at the congregation, cursing them for their inattention. At the expiration of the period we have mentioned, he was ejected from the living by Cromwell: upon which he immediately took his way towards London, in excellent spirits at his escape from the dullness of the life of which he has in several parts of his poems complained. In the metropolis he threw off the title and habits of his holy calling, and assumed the rank of esquire, which, unfortunately, his means did not enable him to support with dignity. He fell into great pecuniary distress, and for some years obtained a scanty and precarious subsistence by the sale of his writings. The worthless nature of some of these "poems," as they are called, (from being in true poetical company,) but wrongly so, for generally speaking, they are as remarkable for their dullness as for their obscenity, has been accounted for by the supposition that he wrote to please the vicious tastes of the time, that he might live by the sale of the publications in which they appeared. The period of his first London residence was remarkable for the congregating together, and the social enjoyments, of its most eminent men. Herrick has recorded these "lyric feasts" in the following ode to Ben Jonson.

\* The family name appears to have been spelled in different modes.

Ah Ben!  
 Say how or when  
 Shall we, thy guests,  
 Meet at those lyric feasts,  
 Made at the Sun,  
 The Dog, the Triple Tunne;  
 Where we such clusters had  
 As made us nobly wild not mad?  
 And yet each verse of thine  
 Out-did the meate, out-did the frolic wine.

My Ben!  
 Or come agen  
 Or send to us  
 Thy wit's great overplus;  
 But teach us yet  
 Wisely to husband it  
 Lest we that talent spend;  
 And having once brought to an end  
 That precious stock, the store  
 Of such a wit the world should have no more.

At the Restoration, Herrick was also restored to his living, and the later period of his life, we may presume, was spent in peace and comfort.

We now proceed to give a few specimens of the different characteristics of his poetry. Here is a graceful compliment to his mistress.

THE WEEPING CHERRY.  
 I saw a cherry weep, and why?  
 Why wept it? But for shame,  
 Because my Julia's lip was by,  
 And did out-red the same.  
 But, pretty fondling, let not fall  
 A tear at all for that;  
 Which rubies, corals, scarlets, all  
 For tincture, wonder at.

Love—the sly archer god of the ancients, rather than our modern and more common-place deity,—forms the subject of many of his poems: in none of them is he more happily hit off than in the following, particularly in the lines marked in italics, which seem to us unequalled for archness of thought and simplicity of expression. It is an elegant paraphrase of one of the Odes of Anacreon.

#### THE CHEAT OF CUPID, OR THE UNGENTLE GUEST.

One silent night, of late,  
 When every creature rested,  
 Came one unto my gate,  
 And knocking, me molested.

"Who's that," said I, "beats there,  
 And troubles thus the sleeper?"  
 "Cast off," said he, "all fears,  
 And let not locks thus keep ye.

"For I a boy am, who  
 By moonlight nights have swerved;  
 And all with showers wet through,  
 And o'en with cold half starved."

I pitiful arose,  
 And soon a taper lighted;  
 And did myself disclose  
 Unto the lad beighted.

I saw he had a bow,  
 And wings too, which did shiver;  
 And looking down below,  
 I spy'd he had a quiver.

I to my chimney's shine  
 Brought him in—Love professes,  
 And chafed his hand with mine,  
 And dry'd his drooping tresses.

But when he to warm'd,  
 "Let's try this bow of ours,  
 And string, if they be harm'd,"  
 Said he, "with these late showers."

Forthwith his bow he bent,  
 And wedded string and arrow,  
 And struck me, that it went  
 Quite through my heart and marrow.

Then laughing loud, he flew  
 Away, and thus said, flying,  
 "Adieu, mine host, adieu!  
 I'll leave thy heart a-dying."

One striking and admirable feature of Herrick's poetry is the religious spirit evidenced in many of the pieces. The truest spirit of Christian thankfulness is expressed in "A Thanksgiving to God for his Home," which has been given in the first Number of the "LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL."

The poet's religion had no hypocrisy in it; it dealt with the heart as well as the knee, with the spirit of Christianity, rather than its forms. The Pharisees, who seek not only to compensate for their own want of all true religion by an almost unnatural observance of the outward and visible signs thereof, but to make these signs the only test of all other men's sincerity, are keenly rebuked in these lines on

#### HOW TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

Is this a fast, to keep	No: 'tis a fast to dole
The larder lean,	Thy sheaf of wheat
And cleanse	And meat
From fat of veales and sheep?	Unto the hungry soule.
Is it to quit the dish	It is to fast from strife,
Of flesh, yet still	From old debate
To fill	And hate,
The platter high with fish?	To circumcise thy life.
Is it to fast an houre,	To show a heart grief-rent,
Or rag'd to go,	To starve thy sin,
Or show	Not bin:
A down-cast look, and soure?	And that's to keep thy Lent.

If ever words were written in letters of gold, where the eye could read them, and the heart understand them, every day and hour of its life, these surely deserve a like honourable estimation: they are most pregnant of instruction to us all. However greatly Herrick might fall short of the practice expected from a Christian minister, he held a lofty estimate of the sacred duties: he exhibits in the following verses an heroic apprehension of the constancy with which the sacred mission should be enforced under the most appalling dangers.

#### THE CHRISTIAN MILITANT.

A man prepared against all ills to come,  
 That dares to dread the fire of martyrdom;  
 That wears one face, like heaven, and never shows  
 A change, when fortune either comes or goes;  
 That keeps his own strong guard, in the despite  
 Of what can hurt by day, or harme by night.  
 That takes, and re-delivers every stroke  
 Of chance, as made up of all rock and oak;  
 That sighs at others' deaths, smiles at his own  
 Most dire and horrid crucifixion.  
 Who for true glory suffers this, we grant  
 Him to be here our Christian Militant.

But, after all, it is in pieces like that we first quoted that the genius of Herrick appears in its most original and charming shape. When Nature is his subject,—simple, unadorned Nature,—when he sings of flowers and holydays, or, as he says, when his songs are

Of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers;  
 Of April, May, of June, and July flowers;  
 Of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes;  
 Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal cakes;—

it is then that we not only find his poems fresh, fragrant, and lovely as dew-steeped violets, but a new and inexpressibly beautiful quality apparent,—namely, tenderness both of thought and expression, alike profound and graceful. He too, like a great poet of the present day, could find "thoughts too deep for tears" in the "meanest flowers" that blew, and has left their traces in poems scarcely surpassed even by Wordsworth himself. Here is his poem



## TO DAFFODILS,

Faire daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon;  
As yet the early rising sun  
Has not attained his noon.

Stay, stay  
Until the hasting day  
Has run

But to the even-song:  
And having prevail'd together, we  
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,  
We have as short a spring,  
As quick a growth to meet decay,  
As you or anything.

We die  
As your hours do, and dlie  
Away,

Like to the summer's raine;  
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,  
Ne'er to be found againe.

The exquisite beauty of this needs no comment, but we cannot refrain inviting attention to the melody of the verse, which seems to us exceedingly sweet and original. We must conclude with the following: its tender beauty and simple pathos will carry it home to every heart.

## TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

Why do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears  
Speak griefe in you,  
Who were but borne  
Just as the modest morne  
Teem'd her refreshing dew?

Alas! you have not known that shower  
That married a flower,  
Nor felt th' unkind  
Breath of a blasting wind:  
Nor are ye worn with years,  
Or warpt as we

Who think it strange to see  
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,  
To speake by teares before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimp'ring younglings, and make known

The reason why  
Ye droop and weep:  
Is it for want of sleep,  
Or childish lullable?

Or that ye have not seen, as yet,

The violet,  
Or brought a kisse  
From that sweetheart to this?—  
No, no; this sorrow shewn

By your teares shed,  
Would have this lecture read,  
That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,  
Conceiv'd with grief are, and with teares brought forth.

## THE GUDAMAN OF THE BROW'S GRUMPY.

WITHIN the last century (probably about 1726,) a person in the parish of Ruthwell, in Dumfries-shire, called the "Gudeman o' the Brow," received a young swine as a present from some distant port; which seems to have been the first ever seen in that part of the country. This pig having strayed across the Lochar into the adjoining parish of Carlavree, a woman who was herding cattle on the marsh, by the sea-side, was very much alarmed at the sight of a living creature that she had never seen or heard of before, approaching her straight from the shore as if it had come out of the sea, and ran home to the village of Blackshaw screaming. As she ran, the pig ran snarking and grunting after her, seeming glad that it had met with a companion. She arrived at the village, so exhausted and terrified, that before she could get her story told she fainted away. By the time she came to herself, a crowd of people

had collected to see what was the matter, when she told them, that "There was a de'il came out of the sea with two horns on his head and chased her, roaring and gaping all the way at her heels, and she was sure it was not far off." A man called Wills Tom, an old schoolmaster, said if he could see it he would "cunger the de'il," and got a Bible and an old sword. The pig immediately started behind his back with a loud grumph, which put him into such a fright, that his hair stood upright on his head, and he was obliged to be carried from the field half dead.

The whole crowd ran some one way and some another; some reached the house-tops, and others shut themselves in barns and byres. At last one on the house-top called out it was "the Gudeman o' the Brow's grumpy," he having seen it before. Thus the affray was settled, and the people reconciled, although some still entertained frightful thoughts about it, and durst not go over the door to a neighbour's house after dark without one to set or cry them. One of the crowd who had some compassion on the creature, called out, "Give it a stalk of straw to eat, it will be hungry."

Next day the pig was conveyed over to Lochar, and, on its way home, near the dusk of the evening, it came grunting up to two men who were pulling thistles on the farm of Corkpool. Alarmed at the sight, they mounted two old horses they had tethered beside them, intending to make their way home, but the pig getting between them and the houses, caused them to scamper out of the way and land in Lochar moss, where one of their horses was drowned, and the other with difficulty relieved. The night being dark, they durst not part one from the other to call for assistance, lest the monster should find them out and attack them singly; nor durst they speak above their breath for fear of being devoured. At day-break next morning they took a different course, by Cumlougoun Castle, and made their way home, where they found their families much alarmed on account of their absence. They said that they had seen a creature about the size of a dog, with two horns on its head, and cloven feet, roaring out like a lion, and if they had not galloped away it would have torn them to pieces. One of their wives said, "Hoot man, it has been the Gudeman o' the Brow's grumpy; it frightened them a' at the Backshaw yesterday, and poor Meggie Anderson maist lost her wits, and is ay out o' one fit into another sin-ayne."

The pig happened to lay all night among the corn where the men were pulling thistles, and about day-break set forward on its journey for the Brow. One Gabriel Gunion, mounted on a long-tailed grey colt, with a load of white fish in a pair of creels swung over the beast, encountered the pig, which went nigh among the horse's feet and gave a snork. The colt, being as much frightened as Gabriel, wheeled about and scampered off sneering, with his tail on his "rigger," at full gallop. Gabriel cut the slings and dropped the creels, the colt soon dismounted his rider, and, going like the wind, with his tail up, never stopped till he came to Barnkirk point, where he took the Solway Frith, and landed at Bowness on the Cumberland side. Gabriel, by the time he got up, saw the pig within sight, took to his heels, as the colt was quite gone, and reached Cumlougoun wood in time to hide himself, where he staid all that day and night, and next morning got home almost exhausted. He told a dreadful story! The fright caused him to imagine the pig as big as a calf, having long horns, eyes like trenchers, and a back like a hedge-hog. He lost his fish; the colt was got back, but never did more good; and Gabriel fell into a consumption, and died about a year afterwards.

About the time a vessel came to Glencaple quay, a little below Dumfries, that had some swine on board; one of them having got out of the vessel in the night, was seen on the farm of Newmain next morning. The alarm was spread, and a number of people collected. The animal got many different names, and at last it was concluded to be a "brock" (a badger.) Some got pitchforks, some clubs, and others old swords, and a hot pursuit ensued; the chase lasted a considerable time, owing to the pursuers losing heart when near their prey and retreating. One Robt Geady, having a little more courage than the rest, ran "neck or nothing," forcibly upon the animal, and ran it through with a pitchfork, for which he got the name of "Stout-hearted Geady" all his life after. A man, nearly a hundred years of age, who was alive in 1814, in the neighbourhood where this happened, declared that he remembered the Gudeman o' the Brow's pig, and the circumstances related, and he said it was the first swine ever seen in that country.

*Henderson on the Breeding of Swine.*

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A RAMBLE IN NORTH WALES.

CONTINUED.

WHEN our agitated spirits had sufficiently recovered from the shock they had received from the apparition of the dreadful iron-works, we set forwards to Valle Crucis Abbey, celebrated as the finest ecclesiastical ruin in Wales. It is situated about two miles from Llangollen, and certainly well deserves the reputation it has acquired. As is usual with such buildings, it lies somewhat sequestered from the bustle of the world, but the meadows surrounding it are some of the richest the country affords. Although it is now in a very ruinous condition, yet enough still remains to give a fair idea of what the architecture was in the days of its magnificence. The western window of the church is in tolerable preservation, and presents an elegant, though not a faultless, specimen of the Gothic architecture of the thirteenth century; whilst the beautiful ash-trees which shadow the ruins, springing forth from the very area of the church, and hanging gracefully over each broken pillar and sculptured stone, soften the feeling of desolation which the sight of sacred walls, overthrown by the violence of man, naturally excites within us. We feel that the gentle hand of nature has been there, busy in making even the broken works of art lend a new grace to her handiwork.

The ground-plan may still be tolerably made out, and, as we exercised our ingenuity in assigning to each nook its proper designation, we inquired of the old woman who acted as cicerone, whether any relics were ever dug up. She told us that she had sometimes gathered some broken pieces of painted glass, but they had all been begged from her. "But here," said she, producing a broken pair of old rusty tongs, and hobbling towards a corner overshadowed by a wide arch, which we in our simplicity had been inclined to set down for the fireplace of the abbot's own sanctum, "here they do tell me that some old abbot was buried, and I was a poking there this morning, and thought I had found summat;" and suiting the action to the word, after routing a little with the singular instrument she had selected for her explorations, she presently turned up some bones of a very suspicious aspect, more resembling (as we profanely thought) those of a mule than a monk, an ass than an abbot, a cow than a churchman, a horse than a high priest; but which, nevertheless, she graciously offered to our acceptance. Not having sufficient lore in comparative anatomy accurately to determine the nature of these curiosities, we agreed with the old lady that they were indubitably parts of the mortal frame of a defunct abbot, and reverently pocketing them up, we proceeded with our guide to a small detached building behind the abbey, overlooking an ancient fish-pond, and here she produced several lithographic views of the ruins, which she kept for sale. After purchasing one or two, we were about to depart, when the old lady brought forth a book, wherein she informed us it was necessary, according to the rules and regulations of this ex-abbey of the Cistercians, that each visitor should inscribe his name. Unwilling to be irregular in any respect, we unclasped the venerable volume, and ran over a page or two of Misters and Mistresses, and Masters and Misses, all sufficiently prosaic; but when we arrived at the very last, we were astonished at meeting with something romantic—"Edward and Emily Taylor." "Heyday!" we exclaimed, "why what do we behold? Edward and Emily! What do they here, elbowed on all sides by unsentimental prefixes and proper names?" Our thoughts instantly recurred to the fair bride who had passed us on the road to Llangollen, and, on interrogating and cross-examining our cicerone, we found we were not mistaken. Whilst we were indulging our grosser natures with the base mundane pleasures of beef-steaks and *cuvée-de*, they, scorning such low enjoyments, had repaired to the romantic shades of Valle Crucis. "Ah!" grunted our companion, who was a married man, "Ah! people will do such things in the honey-moon, but they grow wiser—they grow wiser;" and thereupon he sank into a reverie.

We who, being a bachelor, could not wholly understand these

flights and fancies, or the sudden cloud of our companion, soon roused him, and leaving the church, and the buildings inclosed in the undeseccrated area, proceeded to view a farm-house adjoining, which once formed part of the ancient abbey. We were readily admitted, and shown all that is remarkable about the various apartments, which do not, however, possess much interest. By the time we left the house night had fallen, and, turning round at the doorway, we were struck with the scene before us. Whilst we had been occupied in viewing the rooms, the farm-servants had come in to supper, and were now seated at a massive oaken table, which appeared coeval with the walls. We were standing beneath the wide arch of a deep and lofty portal, with a high-groined roof, lost in darkness; at the extremity of the vaulted passage which led into a large hall, now the farm-kitchen, sat the labourers at their supper, their figures strongly lighted by the candles before them, which threw all around in a strong contrast of dark shade, while the pale light from without served to make the arches of the entrance just visible, and gave a double effect to the bright illumination beyond. We turned with regret from the contemplation of this Rembrandt-like scene, and wended our way through rain and darkness to our hostelry at Llangollen.

The next morning the rain descended in such torrents, that it was impossible for us to proceed, and we were fain to content ourselves with in-door occupations as well as we could. My companion was suddenly seized with great warmth of conjugal feeling, and felt it quite necessary to write to his better half: we ourselves produced our letter-case, but who we wrote to we do not choose to say. But letter-writing, when weather-bound on a rainy morning, even when we are actuated by the finest and most ardent feelings, is dull work; the constrained delay frets us, and we are very apt, when mending our pens, to split our quills to shivers. We soon made an end of our letters, and after a yawn, hearing a harp tinkling somewhat drowsily in the hall, we called in the harper; but, alas! he could afford little relief to our ennui: he had but one good tune in his whole budget, and of this, which he called "The Spear Head," and said was an old Welch gathering tune, a sort of pibroch, he could give little account. We tried hard for a ballad, or at least a ghost-story, but he had nothing of romance in his composition, and we quickly dismissed him. So we contented ourselves with watching the swift-rolling Dee, which, swelled and discoloured by the rain, rushed impetuously along its rocky bed. In a short interval, when the rain moderated, we stole out as far as the bridge, where the river falls from the smooth rocky bed, over which it has previously rolled, into a deep black chasm, more than twenty feet deep, and raging and boiling, again rushes forth, pursuing its boisterous course.

About four in the afternoon, the violence of the rain having abated, we resolutely determined on pursuing our way, and pushed on ten miles, as far as Corwen, an ancient but small town, in whose neighbourhood the celebrated Owen Glyndwr had his chief possessions. The site of his palace is marked by a clump of fir-trees on the top of a circular mound by the road-side, about three miles from the town. We ascended to its summit, and recalled to our minds the proud Welch chieftain and magician, at whose birth "the goats ran from the mountains;" we thought of him who boasted that he "could command the devil," and being filled with deep unutterable thought, abstractedly drew forth our pocket-pistols, and drank to his memory in solemn silence. This imposing ceremony being over, we hastened on; the high Berwyn mountains towering on the one hand, and the rapid Dee rolling at our feet.

Rising early in the morning, we gave a glance at the church, which contains an ancient monument to the memory of Jorwarth Salien, one of the vicars, and some memorials of the redoubted Glyndwr. Then, determining to earn our breakfasts, we made an excursion up the Berwyn mountains. We stopped far short of the summit, but after ascending to a considerable height, plunging amongst bogs and rocks, and climbing a loose slate wall, which threatened to topple down on our adventurous heads, we found our way back, partly by the side, and partly in the course, of a brawling



mountain stream, that brought us out close by the church. The novel scenery we had encountered charmed us by its picturesque character. It is rude enough, but the scene is ever changing, and every step presents a new beauty. Below, at the depth of at least 600 feet, the bending river rolled on its rapid and dark flowing yet clear waters, in manifold windings, breaking continually into white foam against the loose stones in its bed; whilst its hoarse brawling, softened by distance, is mellowed into music. Upon the mountain's top, the bare rocks raise their gray heads among the deep heath and bog grass, and from each patch of peat springs a young stream, which dashing at once into life, leaps over each stone in playful anger, spurning the barrier which keeps it from flying into the kindred arms of the wide river below. Sheep as wild as goats, and rabbits wilder than either, tenant these wastes, and give life to their dreariness.

After breakfast we started for Bettws-y-Coed, twenty-three miles. The road is very beautiful, the Dee running beneath for nearly four miles. The wood is luxuriant on every side, and the Berwyn mountains present a noble back-ground, varying in colour with every passing cloud, and in apparent shape with every change of position. Five miles from Corwen we reached Pont-y-Glyn, by far the most beautiful object we had yet met with. No drawing, or even the finest painting, can give an idea of that scene, where the softest loveliness combines with the most awful grandeur. The Holyhead road at this spot is cut out of the solid slate-rock. Running up by the side of, and overlooking a mountain-stream, it crosses by a bridge, elevated sixty feet, immediately above a cataract which falls to an equal depth below. The best view is some distance down the road below the bridge, and there, sitting on the wall, you behold the scene in perfection. Each side of the stream is bordered with beautiful trees of every description. Oak, ash, beech, alder, the wild cherry-tree, the service, and dogwood, afford such a beautiful comminglement of tints, contrasted with the whiteness of the broken waters, the deep shadow of the rocky banks, the gray mossy stone of the bridge, and the shadowy hills stretching away into the far distance till they are lost in the misty clouds, as to produce an effect never to be effaced from the mind, but quite indescribable to others.

The road from hence to Cernioge Mawr\* (eight miles,) is of a very uninteresting character, passing over bleak and very desolate country, and commanding no fine views. A short distance from the inn, the road attains its greatest height. It is in the midst of a peat-bog, from which (among others) flow two streams, east and west; one discharging itself into the Dee, the other into the Conway. On these barrens we encountered a storm, which, though it drenched us to the skin, gave us the spectacle of a most splendid double rainbow.

We found a very good inn at Cernioge, where we dried our soaked habiliments, fared sumptuously on chicken and cold venison, and pushed on for Bettws-y-Coed. The weather, though still showery, had partially cleared up, and we were able to enjoy the beautiful road we traversed. The greater part of the way was close by the side of a mountain-stream, which we traced from two small rills, rising and struggling through the thick peat, till they took the form of a river, which continually increased in size; innumerable rills joining it from the mountains at every step. The character of the stream is different from the Dee; it possesses the same beautiful colour, but the channel is more confined, and not so continually broken by small stones; in several places it is interrupted by large rocks, over which it bursts in fury, and at other parts runs in a deep narrow channel, overhung with beautiful trees, and forming black pools that look like paths leading to the depths of Avernus. But daylight failed us, and we were, after much lagging on our road, forced to make the best of our way, for the last three miles, down a hill, and over a fine iron bridge, into the village of Bettws-y-Coed.

In the morning we retraced our steps up the hill we had descended the night before in the dusky evening, and were well repaid by the

magnificence of the scenery. Here we made an experiment on the faculty of communicating by signs; for, seeing an old woman by the road-side with some green-gages for sale, we felt an inclination to purchase some, but on demanding the price received for answer, "Dym Sassenach," (no English.) However, we soon found that the old lady, though she was not acquainted with the English tongue, well understood the value of English pence, and we quickly struck a bargain.

Being caught in a shower, we took refuge in a cottage; a most wretched hovel, consisting of one small room, (of which the large open chimney took up the better half,) and an outhouse opening out of the main apartment. The inhabitants were an old woman and her daughter, the wife of the owner of the house, a dog who lay with his nose in the embers, and a cat who seemed inclined to dispute that comfortable post. The old woman quite realised the idea of the Elspeth so forcibly described by Sir Walter Scott, in "The Antiquary." She seemed sunk in the last stage of human existence. When we went in, she was seated on a wide oaken settle in the chimney corner knitting, but presently she lay down on it, and curling herself up like a dog, dozed off; but, when roused by the offer of a pinch of snuff, she bustled up, and darting her claw-like fingers into the box with the eagerness of a harpy, she seemed to gloat over the enjoyment of the unwonted luxury. The younger woman was very civil and hospitable, but having "little English," we could not hold much communication. - This house afforded an example of the contentment with which the Welch (except in the neighbourhood of places where manufactures and English capital have obtained a footing) are satisfied to remain in the most primeval condition. The house, and everything about it, were of the rudest kind. The only bedroom was formed by laying rough planks on rafters extending over only half of the room below, and ascended by a ladder. Yet the owner was evidently a little farmer;—a paddock was attached to the untidy garden; three or four pots of butter stood ready for market, and five skips of bees stood before the door.

When the rain decreased we returned towards the village, and on our way were gratified by the sight of a most magnificent rainbow, whose beauty can seldom have been equalled. The road was bounded on the right hand by a wall of scarped rock, cut away to admit its passage, and towering high above it. On the left, the ground extended just sufficiently to permit a few houses to be built, (two or three being very pretty cottages *ornées*,) and to afford space for a meadow or two running down to the borders of the stream, on whose opposite bank the rock, beautifully diversified with wood, wherever it had space to grow, again towered. The rainbow, perfectly double, stretched like a bridge from side to side of the valley, and was as close as it is possible to behold such a spectacle. Every tint was most vivid, and the effect of the green leaves and turf seen *through* it was most magically charming.

Leaving Bettws-y-Coed, we travelled on about five miles to Capel Curig, a small village, with a capital inn attached, or rather detached; for the inn, erected principally for the accommodation of tourists, is a full quarter of a mile from the village. About half way between Bettws-y-Coed and Capel Curig, on the right-hand side of the road, a small opening in the wall points out the path to the Rhaiadyr-y-Wennol, or Spout of the Swallow,—the finest waterfall we had yet met with. It is divided into three distinct falls, and the water is broken into spray by innumerable rocks. The whole fall is of great depth, and the effect very striking. The sides are overshadowed by oak, ash, and fir copse, and the white waters dashing amongst the black rocks, hemmed in by the strong walls of slate on either side, roar fearfully, as if hurrying to some dreadful unknown depth; whilst on the opposite side, towering above in the fair sunshine, you behold a tower, which we subsequently visited, fixed there for the more ready observation of the unearthly agitations of the vexed river below. Standing on the slippery rocks, we long contemplated this scene, and then winding our way upwards, at last stood by the side of the calm river flowing gently forward, unconscious of the terrific convulsion that

\* Pronounced Kernygog Mawr.

awaited it. But the sun burst forth and sparkled on the stream ;—our dark thoughts vanished, and drinking one cup of the limpid waters to the genius of the stream, and failing not of a due libation to propitiate her favour, we went on, rejoicing in the grandeur of the scenery that opened fast around us. The fine heights of Meel Ciabod rose before us, with the beautiful tints of evening upon them ; and here also we first caught sight of Snowdon, far in the distance.

Capel Curig is indeed in the close neighbourhood of Snowdon, being only seven miles from Llanberis ; a favourite, but not the most advantageous, point for ascending the mountain. Three valleys meet at this point,—the one by which we had approached ; another leading to the north-west, through the dark pass of Nant Frangon, which we designed to follow, before approaching more closely to Snowdon ; the third through the Pass of Llanberis at the foot of the mountain, and the point from which an ascent can be most easily achieved, though not by the most favourable approach.

The afternoon was spent in an excursion on Mount Ciabod, and after many adventures in search of the sublime and beautiful, which finally terminated in a bog, we, after much plunging and floundering, regained our inn ; where for the present, gentle reader, we must tax your kindness in permitting us to rest before we again go forth upon our travels.

#### WOMAN'S MISSION IN REFERENCE TO NATIONAL EDUCATION\*.

A COMPLETE system of NATIONAL EDUCATION would provide for everything, from a knowledge of the letters of the alphabet to the inculcation of the highest religious truths. Nothing would be left unsettled by it. All questions of politics, law, and religion, would be exactly defined. Its grand business and great object would be, not to make the people *think*, but to make them *believe*. And such a system would fall most naturally, for guardianship and direction, into the hands of the teachers of the national religion, who, as the highest class of instructors employed by the State, would have to preserve unity of action throughout the whole, and would have to take care that the entire nation was taught one faith towards God, and one duty towards man.

It is to such a system as this, that the objection applies which has been repeatedly made in books ("Home Education," for instance), and recently by Mr. D'Israeli, in the House of Commons. The objectors say, that a system of national education would have a tendency to produce a cast-metal uniformity, and to reduce the mind of the nation to a dead Chinese level. But if we could suppose such a system as the one we have mentioned, its most distinct and avowed object would be to produce this uniformity. There would not be any cavil—there could be no mistake. The deliberate purpose of such a system of education would be, to train up the youth of the nation on a set plan, for a distinct purpose ; and the moment any difference was allowed to exist amongst teachers or taught, a primary end of this national education would be defeated—for the moment a nation is permitted to *think*, uniformity is overthrown.

Now, such a national system of education, even if it could exist at all, could never exist in the face of the Bible. The Bible is pre-eminently a book to make people *think*. Wherever it comes, it stirs the dormant faculties, starts a thousand questions, which man must answer in the recesses of his own heart—no two men ever yet read the Bible, and thought alike on all that the Bible says. There is a tendency in a national mind to settle down, like the ocean in a calm, into a glassy stillness, where living things die ; but the Bible is as the purifying winds of heaven, sometimes lashing into storm, and sometimes merely playing over the surface, and rippling its whole extent. The Bible seems to have been intended, under Providence, as a *disturbing* power. Whilst it reveals glimpses of God, of man, and of man's future being, it yet leaves so much to the exercise of man's own ingenuity—it interests him so

deeply in so many awful and interesting questions, and yet leaves the working out of those questions to be between himself and his Maker—that we cannot doubt but that one grand object of the Bible was the perpetual fermentation of the human intellect. No national system can be uniform, and yet permit the Bible to be a portion of it.

If, therefore, there be any class of men who claim the exclusive direction of national education, under the pretence of producing uniformity through the means of the Bible, they are warring against the very principle of the Bible itself, and are guilty of little short of high treason against God. It is most painfully and pitifully ludicrous, to hear men chattering on the subject, in the face of all history and all experience. They express a great horror of that "confusion of tongues" which would ensue, if, in a national system of education, different children were taught different interpretations or explanations of different portions of Scripture. Why, in this sense, the BIBLE SOCIETY has done a mightier mischief than any combination of individuals since the world began. In this sense, it has introduced the elements of discord into many languages—it has cast abroad the seeds of "division and strife" over the whole earth. What was the Reformation itself but one of those great revolutions, in the working out of which the Bible has been and will be a prime agent—the re-action of the Bible against the attempt to make the Bible incapable of re-action !

In truth, in a free country, where the Bible is freely read, the chief object of a system of national education is simply to enable the people to *think*. To go beyond this, is to overdo the matter, to attempt that which will ultimately defeat itself. Now, thinking implies diversity of opinion ; and, if there be no diversity of opinion in a nation, we may rest assured that the nation does not *think*. No greater boon, therefore, could be bestowed on the ignorant youth of a nation, than by teaching them to read, and then by introducing them to a familiar yet reverential examination of the Bible, under different aspects. The parent who compels his child to read the Bible without question and without thought, inflicts an almost irreparable injury on the mind of the child, by making him loathe that which he should love. But he who permits the child to turn over the leaves at his own good pleasure—who talks to him familiarly of all its beautiful and interesting histories, and of all its sublime revelations, sows the seeds of moral beauty in the child's soul, and stirs imperishable thought. Oh ! if all the ignorant youth of England were thus trained—if they were taught that Roman Catholicism, and Church of Englandism, and Presbyterianism, and Independency, and Baptism, and all the other *isms* so much feared and deprecated, were natural fruits of the Bible—natural results of that freedom of thought which the Bible exerts and the Bible demands—a death-blow would be given to bigotry, and a moral revolution be the consequence !

We are yet some distance from NATIONAL EDUCATION. Gradually have we been coming to it ; the public mind becomes daily more enlarged as to the meaning of the word "Education," and begins more distinctly to understand that it deals with the moral as well as the intellectual nature of man ; still, it will be some time yet before we can possibly have national education, in its true and genuine sense. Its earnest and enlightened advocates must, therefore, "in patience possess their souls ;" they must continue unwearied their exertions, diffusing knowledge respecting the moral and social wants of the community, and the duties of government, until the subject has so thoroughly entered the public mind, that no party of men will dare to degrade it into a mere political question. Seeing, then, that we are yet some distance from a fair and just system of national education, we can, at least, express our thankfulness, that there are enthusiastic and generous-minded individuals at work, whose labours will yet produce rich fruit. One of these is a lady, the authoress of "Woman's Mission," a very interesting little book, which we cordially recommend to every intelligent woman who may happen to glance over these lines. The chief subject of the book has been already touched on in this Journal :\* but it is so eloquently and so impressively discussed by its authoress, (who must be a lady of no ordinary qualities of heart and head,) that we are sure our readers will thank us, and she will excuse us, if we draw rather more largely from the book than its small size would seem to warrant.

The lady, then, believes, and earnestly advocates her belief, that if women could be roused up to a just sense of their legitimate influence, and were to act up to their convictions, a "social regeneration" would be the result. The following quotation from a

\* Woman's Mission. London : Parker, 1839.

\* See No. V., article "Home Education," and No. XII., article "The Chief Duty of Woman."

French work by M. Aimé Martin, *Sur l'Éducation des Mères*, (which the lady has used in the composition of her own book,) gives, in a condensed form, the principle of "Woman's Mission."

"Napoleon said one day to Madame Campan: 'The old systems of instruction are worth nothing. What is wanting, in order that the youth of France be well educated?' 'Mothers!' replied Madame Campan. This reply struck the emperor. 'Here,' said he, 'is a system of education in one word. Be it your care to train up mothers who shall know how to educate their children.' This profound remark is the very subject of our book; it contains, perhaps, the secret of a mighty regeneration."

How are women at present trained up for this high office? What is the true object of female education? "The best answer to this question is, a statement of future duties; for it must never be forgotten, that if education be not a training for future duties, it is nothing. The ordinary lot of woman is to marry. Has anything in these educations prepared her to make a wise choice in marriage! To be a mother! Have the duties of maternity,—the nature of moral influence,—been pointed out to her? Has she ever been enlightened as to the consequent unspeakable importance of personal character as the source of influence! In a word, have any means, direct or indirect, prepared her for her duties? No! but she is a linguist, a pianist, graceful, admired. What is that to the purpose? The grand evil of such an education, is the mistaking means for ends; a common error, and the source of half the moral confusion existing in the world. It is the substitution of the part for a whole. The time when young women enter upon life is the one point to which all plans of education tend, and at which they all terminate; and to prepare them for that point is the object of their training. Is it not cruel to lay up for them a store of future wretchedness, by an education which has no period in view but one; a very short one, and the most unimportant and irresponsible of the whole of life? Who that had the power of choice, would choose to buy the admiration of the world for a few short years with the happiness of a whole life? The temporary power to dazzle and to charm, with the growing sense of duties undertaken only to be neglected, and responsibilities, the existence of which is discovered perhaps simultaneously with that of an utter inability to meet them? Even if the mischief stopped here, it would be sufficiently great; but the craving appetite for applause once roused, is not so easily lulled again. The moral energies, pampered by unwholesome nourishment,—like the body when disordered by luxurious dainties,—refuse to perform their healthy functions, and thus is occasioned a perpetual strife and warfare of internal principles; the selfish principle still seeking the accustomed gratification, the conjugal and maternal prompting to the performance of duty. But duty is a cold word; and people, in order to find pleasure in duty, must have been trained to consider their duties as pleasures. This is a truth at which no one arrives by inspiration! And in this moral struggle, which, like all other struggles, produces lassitude and distaste of all things, the happiness of the individual is lost, her usefulness destroyed, her influence most pernicious. For nothing has so injurious an effect on temper and manners, and consequently on moral influence, as the want of that internal quiet which can only arise from the accordance of duty with inclination. Another most pernicious effect is, the deadening within the heart of the feeling of love, which is the root of all influence; for it is an extraordinary fact, that vanity acts as a sort of refrigerator on all men, on the possessor of it, and on the observer."

On a subject of extreme delicacy she thus expresses a bold and healthy opinion:—

"Let no sober-minded person be startled at the deduction hence drawn, that it is foolish to banish all thoughts of love from the minds of the young; since it is certain that girls will think, though they may not read or speak, of love; and that no early care can preserve them from being exposed, at a later period, to its temptations, might it not be well to use here the directing, not the repressing, power? Since women will love, might it not be as well to teach them to love wisely? Where is the wisdom of letting the combatant go unarmed into the field, in order to spare him the prospect of a combat? Are not women made to love, and to be loved; and does not their future destiny too often depend upon this passion? And yet the conventional prejudice which banishes its name subsists still."

"Examine the first choice of a young girl.—Of all the qualities which please her in a lover there is, perhaps, not one which is valuable in a husband. Is not this the most complete condemnation of all our systems of education? From the fear of too much

agitating the heart, we hide from women all that is worthy of love, all the depth and dignity of that passion when felt for a worthy object;—their eye is captivated, the exterior pleasures, the heart and mind are not known, and, after six months' union, they are surprised to find the beau-ideal metamorphosed into a fool or a coxcomb; this is the issue of what are ordinarily called love-matches, because they are considered as such; "Cupid is indeed often blamed for deeds in which he has no share." In the opinion of the wise, the mischief is occasioned by the action of vivid imaginations upon minds unprepared by previous reflection on the subject, i. e., by the entire banishment of all thoughts of love from education. We should endeavour, then, to engrave on the soul a model of virtue and excellence, and teach young women to regulate their affections by an approximation to this model; the result would not be an increased facility in giving the affections, but a greater difficulty in so doing; for women, whose blindness and ignorance now make them the victims of fancied perfections, would be able to make a clear-sighted appreciation of all that is excellent, and have an invincible repugnance to a union not founded upon that basis."

"As soon as the noble and elevated of our sex shall refuse to unite on any but moral and intellectual grounds with the other, so soon will a mighty regeneration begin to be effected: and this end will, perhaps, be better served by the simple liberty of rejection than by liberty of choice. Rejection is never inflicted without pain, it is never received without humiliation, however unfounded, (for simply to want the power of pleasing can be no disgrace,) but in the existence of this conventional feeling we find the source of a deep influence. If women would, as by one common league and covenant, agree to use this powerful engine in defence of morals, what a change might they not effect in the tone of society! is it not a subject that ought to crimson every woman's cheek with shame, that the want of moral qualifications is generally the very last cause of rejection? If the worldly find the wealth, and the intellectual the intelligence, which they seek in a companion, there are few who will not shut their eyes in wilful and convenient blindness to the want of such qualifications. It is a fatal error which has bound up the cause of affection so intimately with worldly considerations; and it is a growing evil. The increasing demands of luxury in a highly civilised community operate most injuriously on the cause of disinterested affections, and particularly so in the case of women, who are generally precluded from maintaining or advancing their place in society by any other schemes than matrimonial ones. I might say something here on the cruelty of that conventional prejudice which shackles the independence of women, by attaching the loss of caste to almost all, nay all, of the very few sources of pecuniary emolument open to them. It requires great strength of principle to disregard this prejudice; and while urged by duty to inveigh against mercenary unions, I feel some compunction at the thoughts of the numerous class, who are in a manner forced by this prejudice into forming them. But there are too many who have no such excuse, and to them the remaining observations are addressed. The sacred nature of the conjugal relation is entirely merged in the worldly aspect of it. That union, sacred, indissoluble, fraught with all that earth has to bestow of happiness or misery, is entered upon much on the plan and principle of a partnership account in mercantile affairs—each bringing his or her quantum of worldly possessions—and often with even less inquiry as to moral qualities, than persons so situated would make; God's ordinances are not to be so mocked, and such violations of his laws are severely visited upon offenders against them. It would be laughable, if it were not too melancholy, to see beings bound by the holiest ties, who ought to be the sharers in the most sacred duties—united, perhaps, but in one aim, and that to secure from a world which cares not for them, a few atoms more of external observance and attention: to this noble aim sacrificing their own ease and comfort, and the future prospects of those dependent on them. If half the sacrifice thus made to the imperious demands of fashion (and which is received with the indifference it deserves) were exerted in a good cause, what benefits might it not produce!"

"The reform must begin here, as in all great moral questions, with the arbiters of morals—those from whom morals take their tone—women. That we have no right to expect it to begin with the other sex, may be proved even by a vulgar aphorism. It is often triumphantly said, that 'a man may marry when he will—a woman must marry when she can.' How keen a satire upon both sexes is couched in this homely proverb! and how long will they consent not only patiently to acquiesce in its truth, but to



prove it by their actions! That women may be able thus to reform society, it is of importance that conscience be educated on this subject as on every other: educated, too, before the tinsel of false romance deceive the eye, or the frost of worldly-mindedness congeal the heart of youth. It seems to me that this object would best be effected, not by avoiding the subject of love, but by treating it, when it arises, with seriousness and simplicity, as a feeling which the young may one day be called upon to excite and to return, but which can have no existence in the lofty in soul and pure in heart, except when called forth by corresponding qualities in another."

Mothers are too apt to forget that, though they are only "mothers of infants now, they will be mothers of men and women by-and-by. High moral principle and devoted maternal love will make them safe and efficient guides for childhood, but they will possibly have to be the guides of early manhood—and here intelligence must aid devotedness. Mothers are apt to forget that not to advance is to retrograde, and many give up in early married life all continuance of intellectual cultivation; these find in after life, not only that they are inferior to what their duty and position require of them, but they often discover with grief and surprise that they are inferior to what they themselves were in their youth. The maternal influence, so valuable at all periods of life, and so especially valuable at this period, gradually loses its power; narrow views and sentiments hinder its operation, for the young have little indulgence for the frailties of others, though needing so much for their own. It is probably owing to this want of progression in the parental mind, that we often see laudable efforts deprived of their just reward. It is vain to produce age as a title to respect, if length of days have produced decrease, not increase, of enlightenment. If the progress of the youthful mind, and the progress of society, be not met by a corresponding progress in the parental views and feelings, youth will turn to other and less safe advisers than their parents, and parents will thus, perhaps, lose the reward of a life of effort and exertion. The combination of high mental power with feminine purity and unselfishness gives a dignity to intellectual maternity which really overawes the youthful mind, and, unless it be totally corrupt, has a great tendency to stamp it indelibly with virtuous sentiments, and with those high views of feminine character which are so essential to man's happiness and goodness. Upon these views depend, in a great measure, his choice of a companion in life, so that the character of the mother may often be said to influence the fate of the son long after she has ceased to exist. Her image, engraven on his heart in life, or speaking from the tomb in death, will still interpose itself between him and objects unworthy of his choice, as of her memory, and perhaps secure the son of her love from the misery and guilt which attachments to undeserving objects always entail upon their victims."

"Oh! those who know, those who have witnessed the lingering yearning of a mother's love, after one lost in crime, and wandering, and ingratitude; when even the father's heart was turned to stone; the unextinguished, unextinguishable sentiment, lighting up even the dying eye, and breathed forth in the dying prayer, can alone judge of these things. Who that has witnessed these scenes, (and how many have witnessed them whom the world thinks happy!) can doubt where the regenerating principle lies, can doubt that it is in the sex which is permitted to be the depository of a feeling so typical of the Divine love!"

"And here I would address myself to the educators of female youth, beseeching them to consider the deep importance of their occupation,—entreats them to remember that to them is intrusted the training of beings, whose mission on earth is not only to shine, to please, to adorn, but to influence, and by influencing to regenerate;—that the chief object of their education is not so much to fit them to adorn society, as to vivify and enlighten a home. What a paradise even this world might become, if one half the amount of effort expended in vain attempts to excite the admiration of strangers were reserved to vary the amusements and adorn the sacred precincts of home! Here is an inexhaustible field of effort, an inexhaustible source of happiness; and here women are the undoubted agents, and they complain of having no scope for exertion! The happiness, without which wealth, honours, nay, intellectual pleasures, are but gilded toys, it is theirs to produce and foster;—and they have no mission! The only bliss of Paradise that has survived the fall is deposited in their keeping, and they have no importance;—alas! for the mental vision of those who see not the things that belong unto their own peace and the peace of others.

"No one will think these remarks superfluous, who is conscious how little effort is ever expended in the adornment of a home. Do we not constantly see women before marriage, lovely, accomplished, radiant with smiles and fashion, sinking into homely household managers, or at best insipidly good-natured companions, in the very homes which, perhaps, these qualities may have procured for them? Do we not see daughters on whom parents have lavished expense, refusing to exert, for the amusement of those parents, the very acquirements which they have procured for them? A stranger enters—the scene changes; smiles, graces, accomplishments, are lavished upon him. It is a sickening scene, and the finest of satires on the so-called education of the young. Till the philosophy of domestic happiness has undergone a thorough reformation, let not women seek to invade the sphere of the other sex; or we may safely allow those only to do so who can say with truth, that for the comfort, the elegance, the happiness, of the home of which they are the tutelary divinities, nothing remains to be done; till home, instead of being a scene of vapid indifference—perhaps of angry contention—is the Elysium of each and all of its sharers,—the favourite field for the exercise of virtues, the favourite scene of display for graces and accomplishments.

"This subject has been particularly insisted upon, because the spirit of the times seems particularly to require it. The world is in a state of philanthropic Quixotism,—and it is a very good sign of the world; but before we go forth with lance and shield to assist all manner of distress, let us look well to ourselves, and see that, by our absence and neglect, other objects are not added to the distressed needing succour. May we not with reason urge upon our own sex, that as the philosophy of domestic happiness is in a state so little advanced, it affords a fine field for the energies and talents which they are so desirous of rendering available to the community!

"Let Christianity then be the basis of women's own education—the basis of the education which they give to their children; so shall they perform their mission, not with murmuring and repining at their inferior nature and narrow sphere, but with joy and rejoicing that they are agents in that great work, which, if they are Christians, they daily pray for,—that the kingdom of God may come, and his will be done, as in heaven so on earth. May we have strength and grace to echo this prayer, not only with our lips, but with our lives, and to labour in the cause as those grateful for inestimable benefits, and conscious of their mission. That mission contains, perhaps, the destinies of society; the wish to accomplish it, the means of accomplishing it, should never be out of a woman's mind. Ought it then to be excluded from her early thoughts, ought it to be stifled by education, corrupted by worldly-mindedness, ridiculed by folly, and checked by opposition? This world has nothing to offer in exchange for such a sacrifice,—the sacrifice of the consciousness of a high mission, and the power of fulfilling it. It was said by an eloquent French woman, 'We are born to adorn the world, rather than to command it.' We are born for neither; we are born for a nobler destiny than either; we are born to serve it. We are made to captivate the imagination, chiefly that we may influence the heart of man; and the woman who does not so use her powers is guilty of a breach of trust, worse than that of the servant who hid his lord's talent in a napkin. It is not a simple neglect, but an abuse of his good gift, of that gift, the value and dignity of which, man would never have known but for the religion of Christ. Let us then rejoice in the liberty with which we are made free, and prove our love for our Lord and Master, by efforts for promoting his kingdom and establishing his will. And let us work in faith and patience, nothing doubting, because the result of our efforts does not always cheer and bless ourselves. This is the trial of our faith and love. It has been the appointed trial of all whom God has condescended to intrust with a mission. One sows that another may reap; but faith needs not to see the harvest to know that it will come, and that even if it do not come, no act of humble trust or fervent love is lost. But we hope more cheering things; one cause of deficient results is the want of comprehensiveness in principles fundamentally right. This evil will every day be remedied; and it highly becomes the champions of truth to try to remedy it, or the champions of falsehood will be too strong for them. Christians must be not only devoted, but enlightened, if they would meet the exigencies of the times and their own duties. The seeds which we plant may come up, we know not how or where, when our heads are laid low in the dust; and souls rescued from bondage, and generations yet unborn, may have cause to bless the hand that planted them!"

## NOTES ON THE WESTERN STATES.

We continue our extracts from Judge Hall's "Notes on the Western States:" the following description of the Prairies, though long, is interesting.

## THE PRAIRIES.

"The scenery of the prairie country is striking, and never fails to cause an exclamation of surprise. The extent of the prospect is exhilarating. The outline of the landscape is sloping and graceful. The verdure and the flowers are beautiful; and the absence of shade, and consequent appearance of a profusion of light, produces a gaiety which animates the beholder.

"It is necessary to explain that these plains, although preserving a general level in respect to the whole country, are yet in themselves not flat, but exhibit a gracefully waving surface, swelling and sinking with an easy slope and a full rounded outline, equally avoiding the unmeaning horizontal surface, and the interruption of abrupt or angular elevations. It is that surface which, in the expressive language of the country, is called *rolling*, and which has been said to resemble the long heavy swell of the ocean, when its waves are subsiding to rest after the agitation of a storm.

"It is to be remarked, also, that the prairie is almost always elevated in the centre, so that, in advancing into it from either side, you see before you only the plain, with its curved outline marked upon the sky, and forming the horizon; but, on reaching the highest point, you look around upon the whole of the vast scene.

"The attraction of the prairie consists in its extent, its carpet of verdure and flowers, its undulating surface, its groves, and the fringe of timber by which it is surrounded. Of all these, the latter is the most expressive feature; it is that which gives character to the landscape, which imparts the shape, and marks the boundary of the plain. If the prairie be small, its greatest beauty consists in the vicinity of the surrounding margin of woodland, which resembles the shore of a lake, indented with deep vistas like bays and inlets, and throwing out long points, like capes and headlands; while occasionally these points approach so close on either hand, that the traveller passes through a narrow avenue or strait, where the shadows of the woodland fall upon his path, and then again emerges into another prairie. Where the plain is large, the forest outline is seen in the far perspective, like the dim shore when beheld at a distance from the ocean. The eye sometimes roams over the green meadow, without discovering a tree, a shrub, or any object in the immense expanse, but the wilderness of grass and flowers; while at another time the prospect is enlivened by the groves, which are seen interspersed like islands, or the solitary tree, which stands alone in the blooming desert.

"If it be in the spring of the year, and the young grass has just covered the ground with a carpet of delicate green, and especially if the sun is rising from behind a distant swell of the plain, and glittering upon the dewdrops, no scene can be more lovely to the eye. The deer is seen grazing quietly upon the plain; the bee is on the wing; the wolf, with his tail drooped, is sneaking away to his covert, with the felon tread of one who is conscious that he has disturbed the peace of nature; and the grouse feeding in flocks, or in pairs, like the domestic fowl, cover the whole surface,—the males strutting and erecting their plumage like the peacock, and uttering a long, loud, mournful note, something like the cooing of the dove, but resembling still more the sound produced by passing a rough finger boldly over the surface of a tambourine. The number of these birds is astonishing. The plain is covered with them in every direction; and when they have been driven from the ground by a deep snow, I have seen thousands—or more properly tens of thousands—thickly clustered in the tops of the trees surrounding the prairie. They do not retire as the country becomes settled, but continue to lurk in the tall grass around the newly-made farms; and I have sometimes seen them mingled with the domestic fowls, at a short distance from the farmer's door. They will eat, and even thrive, when confined in a coop, and may undoubtedly be domesticated.

"When the eye roves off from the green plain, to the groves or points of timber, these also are found to be at this season robed in the most attractive hues. The rich undergrowth is in full bloom. The red-bud, the dog-wood, the crab-apple, the wild plum, the cherry, the wild rose, are abundant in all the rich lands; and the grape vine, though its blossom is unseen, fills the air with fragrance. The variety of the wild fruit and flowering shrubs is so great, and such the profusion of the blossoms with which they are bowed down, that the eye is regaled almost to satiety.

"The gaiety of the prairie, its embellishments, and the absence of the gloom and savage wildness of the forest, all contribute to dispel the feeling of lonesomeness, which usually creeps over the mind of the solitary traveller in the wilderness. Though he may not see a house nor a human being, and is conscious that he is far from the habitations of men, he can scarcely divest himself of the idea that he is travelling through scenes embellished by the hand of art. The flowers, so fragile, so delicate, and so ornamental, seem to have been tastefully disposed to adorn the scene. The groves and clumps of trees appear to have been scattered over the lawn to beautify the landscape, and it is not easy to avoid that illusion of the fancy which persuades the beholder that such scenery has been created to gratify the refined taste of civilised man. Europeans are often reminded of the resemblance of this scenery to that of the extensive parks of noblemen, which they have been accustomed to admire in the old world: the lawn, the avenue, the grove, the copse, which are there produced by art, are here prepared by nature;—a splendid specimen of massy architecture, and the distant view of villages, are alone wanting to render the similitude complete.

"In the summer, the prairie is covered with long coarse grass, which soon assumes a golden hue, and waves in the wind like a ripe harvest. Those who have not a personal knowledge of the subject would be deceived by the accounts which are published of the height of the grass. It is seldom so tall as travellers have represented, nor does it attain its highest growth in the richest soil. In the low, wet prairies, where the substratum of clay lies near the surface, the centre or main stem of this grass, which bears the seed, acquires great thickness, and shoots up to the height of eight or nine feet, throwing out a few long coarse leaves or blades, and the traveller often finds it higher than his head as he rides through it on horseback. The plants, although numerous and standing close together, appear to grow singly and unconnected, the whole force of the vegetative power expanding itself upward. But in the rich undulating prairies, the grass is finer, with less of stalk, and a greater profusion of leaves. The roots spread and interweave, so as to form a compact even sod, and the blades expand into a close thick sward, which is seldom more than eighteen inches high, and often less, until late in the season, when the seed-bearing stem shoots up.

"The first coat of grass is mingled with small flowers; the violet, the bloom of the strawberry, and others of the most minute and delicate texture. As the grass increases in size, these disappear, and others, taller and more gaudy, display their brilliant colours upon the green surface; and still later, a larger and coarser succession rises with the rising tide of verdure. A fanciful writer asserts that the prevalent colour of the prairie flowers is, in the spring a bluish purple, in midsummer red, and in the autumn yellow. This is one of the notions that people get who study nature by the fireside. The truth is, that the whole of the surface of these beautiful plains is clad, throughout the season of verdure with every imaginable variety of colour, 'from grave to gay.' It is impossible to conceive a more infinite diversity, or a richer profusion of hues, or to detect any predominating tint, except the green, which forms the beautiful ground, and relieves the exquisite brilliancy of all the others. The only changes of colour observed at the different seasons arise from the circumstance, that in the spring the flowers are small and the colours delicate; as the heat becomes more ardent, a harder race appears, the flowers attain a greater size, and the hue deepens; and still later, a succession of coarser plants rise above the tall grass, throwing out larger and gaudier flowers. As the season advances from spring to midsummer, the individual flower becomes less beautiful when closely inspected, but the landscape is far more variegated, rich, and glowing.

"In the winter, the prairies present a gloomy and desolate scene. The fire has passed over them, and consumed every vegetable substance, leaving the soil bare and the surface perfectly black. That gracefully waving outline, which was so attractive to the eye when clad in green, is now disrobed of all its ornaments;—

its fragrance, its notes of joy, and the graces of its landscape, have all vanished, and the bosom of the cold earth, scorched and discoloured, is alone visible. The wind sighs mournfully over the black plain; but there is no object to be moved by its influence—not a tree to wave its long arms in the blast, nor a reed to bend its fragile stem—not a leaf, nor even a blade of grass, to tremble in the breeze. There is nothing to be seen but the cold dead earth and the bare mound, which move not; and the traveller, with a singular sensation, almost of awe, feels the blast rushing over him, while not an object visible to the eye is seen to stir. Accustomed as the mind is to associate with the action of the wind its operation upon surrounding objects, and to see nature bowing and trembling, and the fragments of matter mounting upon the wind, as the storm passes, there is a novel effect produced on the mind of one who feels the current of air rolling heavily over him, while nothing moves around."

#### PRAIRIE FIRES.

"We have no means of determining at what period the fires began to sweep over these plains, because we know not when they began to be inhabited. It is quite possible that they might have been occasionally fired by lightning, previous to the introduction of that element by human agency. At all events it is very evident, that as soon as fire began to be used in this country by its inhabitants, the annual burning of the prairie must have commenced.

"One of the peculiarities of this climate is the dryness of its summers and autumns. A drought often commences in August, which, with the exception of a few showers towards the close of that month, continues with little interruption throughout the fall season. The autumnal months are almost invariably clear, warm, and dry. The immense mass of vegetation with which this fertile soil loads itself during the summer is suddenly withered, and the whole earth covered with combustible materials. This is especially true of the prairies, where the grass grows from two to ten feet high, and being entirely exposed to the action of the sun and wind, dries with great rapidity. A single spark of fire, falling anywhere upon these plains at such a time, instantly kindles a blaze that spreads on every side, and continues its destructive course as long as it finds fuel.

"Travellers have described these fires as sweeping with a rapidity which renders it hazardous even to fly before them; and our children's books and school geographies are embellished with plates, representing men, horses, and wild animals, retreating at full speed, and with every mark of terror, before the devouring element. These are exaggerations. If instances of this kind of danger have ever occurred, they have been rare. We have never witnessed or heard of such a scene. There is not an authenticated case on record, or in tradition, in which a man or an animal has been burned by these fires, unless he was drunk or wounded. The burning of several Indians mentioned by Lewis and Clarke, was probably the result of some unusual accident, which they did not think necessary to explain. The thick sward of the prairie presents a considerable mass of fuel, and offers a barrier to the progress of the flame, not easily surmounted. The fire advances slowly, and with power. The heat is intense. The flames often extend across a wide prairie, and advance in a long line. No sight can be more sublime than to behold at night a stream of fire, several miles in breadth, advancing across these plains, leaving behind it a black cloud of smoke, and throwing before it a vivid glare which lights up the whole landscape with the brilliancy of noonday. A roaring and crackling sound is heard, like the rushing of a hurricane. The flame, which in general rises to the height of about twenty feet, is seen sinking, and darting upward in spires, precisely as the waves dash against each other, and as the spray flies up into the air; and the whole appearance is often that of a boiling and flaming sea, violently agitated. The progress of the fire is so slow and the heat so great, that every combustible material in its course is consumed. The root of the prairie-grass alone, by some peculiar adaptation of nature, is spared; for, of most other vegetables, not only is the stem destroyed, but the vital principle extinguished. Woe to the farmer whose ripe corn-fields extend into the prairie, and who has carelessly suffered the tall grass to grow in contact with his fences! The whole labour of the year is swept away in a few hours. But such accidents are comparatively unfrequent, as the preventive is simple and easily applied. A narrow strip of bare ground prevents the fire from extending to the space beyond it. A beaten road, of the width of a single waggon track, arrests its progress. The treading of the domestic animals around the inclosures of the farmer affords often a sufficient protection, by

destroying the fuel in their vicinity; and in other cases a few furrows are drawn round the field with the plough, or the wild grass is closely mowed down on the outside of the fence."

#### STORIES OF THE PRAIRIE WOLVES.

"Wolves are very numerous in every part of the western country. There are two kinds—the common or black wolf, and the prairie wolf. The former is a large fierce animal, and very destructive to sheep, pigs, calves, poultry, and even young colts. They hunt in large packs, and, after using every stratagem to circumvent their prey, attack it with remarkable ferocity. Like the Indian, they always endeavour to surprise their victim, and strike the mortal blow without exposing themselves to danger. They seldom attack man, except when asleep or wounded. The largest animals, when wounded, entangled, or otherwise disabled, become their prey; but in general they only attack such as are incapable of resistance. They have been known to lie in wait upon the bank of a stream which the buffaloes were in the habit of crossing, and when one of those unwieldy animals was so unfortunate as to sink in the mire, spring suddenly upon it, and worry it to death, while thus disabled from resistance. Their most common prey is the deer, which they hunt regularly; but all defenceless animals are alike acceptable to their ravenous appetites. When tempted by hunger, they approach the farm-houses in the night, and snatch their prey from under the very eye of the farmer; and when the latter is absent with his dogs, the wolf is sometimes seen by the females lurking about in mid-day, as if aware of the unprotected state of the family. Our heroic females have sometimes shot them under such circumstances.

"It is said by hunters that the smell of burning assafetida has a remarkable effect upon this animal. If a fire be made in the woods, and a portion of this drug thrown into it, so as to saturate the atmosphere with the odour, the wolves, if any are within reach of the scent, immediately assemble around, howling in the most mournful manner; and such is the remarkable fascination under which they seem to labour, that they will often suffer themselves to be shot down rather than quit the spot.

"Of the few instances of their attacking human beings of which we have heard, the following may serve to give some idea of their habits. In very early times, a negro man was passing, in the night, in the lower part of Kentucky, from one settlement to another. The distance was several miles, and the country over which he travelled entirely unsettled. In the morning his carcass was found entirely stripped of flesh. Near it lay his axe, covered with blood, and all around the bushes were beaten down, the ground trodden, and the number of foot-marks so great, as to show that the unfortunate victim had fought long and manfully. On pursuing his track, it appeared that the wolves had pursued him for a considerable distance,—he had often turned upon them, and driven them back. Several times they had attacked him, and been repelled, as appeared by the blood and tracks. He had killed some of them before the final onset, and in the last conflict had destroyed several. His axe was his only weapon.

"On another occasion, many years ago, a negro man was going through the woods, with no companion but his fiddle, when he discovered that a pack of wolves were on his track. They pursued very cautiously, but a few of them would sometimes dash up, and growl, as if impatient for their prey, and then fall back again. As he had several miles to go, he became much alarmed. He sometimes stopped, shouted, drove back his pursuers, and then proceeded. The animals became more and more audacious, and would probably have attacked him, had he not arrived at a deserted cabin, which stood by the way-side. Into this he rushed for shelter, and, without waiting to shut the door, climbed up, and seated himself on the rafters. The wolves dashed in after him, and becoming quite furious, howled and leaped, and endeavoured, with every expression of rage, to get to him. The moon was now shining brightly, and Cuff being able to see his enemies, and satisfied of his own safety, began to act on the offensive. Finding the cabin full of them, he crawled down to the top of the door, which he shut and fastened; then removing some of the loose boards from the roof, scattered them with a tremendous clatter upon such of his foes as remained outside, who soon scampered off, while those in the house began to crouch with fear. He had now a large number of prisoners to stand guard over until morning; and drawing forth his fiddle, he very good naturedly played for them all night, very much, as he supposed, to their edification and amusement; for, like all genuine lovers of music, he imagined that it had power to soften the heart even of a wolf. On the ensu-



ing day, some of the neighbours assembled and destroyed the captives, with great rejoicings.

"The story of Putnam and the wolf is familiar to every school-boy, but it is not so well known that such adventures are by no means uncommon. The youthful achievement of the gallant revolutionary hero has acquired dignity from the brilliancy of his after-life, which was adorned with a long list of heroic and patriotic deeds, when in fact this exploit is one of ordinary occurrence among our resolute hunters. We select the following two instances, both of which are well authenticated.

"Many years ago, a Frenchman, with his son, was hunting in a part of Missouri, distant about forty miles from St. Louis. Having wounded a large bear, the animal took refuge in a cave, the aperture leading into which was so small as barely to admit its passage. The hunter, leaving his son without, instantly prepared to follow, and with some difficulty drew his body through the narrow entrance. Having reached the interior of the cave, he discharged his piece with so true an aim as to inflict a mortal wound upon the bear. The latter rushed forward, and passing the man, attempted to escape from the cave; but on reaching the narrowest part of the passage, through which it had entered with some difficulty, the strength of the animal failed, and it expired. The entrance to the cave was now completely closed by the carcass of the animal. The boy on the outside heard his father scream for assistance, and attempted to drag out the bear, but found his strength insufficient. After many unavailing efforts, he became much terrified, and mounted his father's horse with the determination of seeking assistance. There was no road through the wilderness, but the sagacious horse, taking the direction to St. Louis, carried the alarmed youth to that place, where a party was soon raised and despatched to the relief of the hunter. But they searched in vain for the place of his captivity. From some cause not now recollected, the trace of the horse was obliterated, and the boy, in his agitation, had so far forgotten the landmarks as to be totally unable to lead them to the spot. They returned after a weary and unsuccessful search; the hunter was heard of no more, and no doubt remained of his having perished miserably in the cave. Some years afterwards, the aperture of the cavern was discovered, in a spot so hidden and so difficult of access as to have escaped the notice of those who had passed near it. Near the mouth was found the skeleton of the bear, and within the cave that of the Frenchman, with his gun and equipments, all apparently in the same condition as when he died. That he should have perished of hunger, from mere inability to effect his escape by removing the body of the bear seems improbable, because, supposing him to have been unable by main strength to effect this object, it would have cost him but little labour to have cut up and removed the animal by piecemeal. It is most likely either that he was suffocated, or that he had received some injury which disabled him from exertion. The cave bears a name which commemorates the event.

"The other circumstance to which we allude occurred in Monroe county, in Illinois. There are in many parts of this country singular depressions or basins, which the inhabitants call *sink-holes*. They are sometimes very deep, circular at the top, with steep sides meeting in a point at the bottom, precisely in the shape of a funnel. At the bottom of one of these, a party of hunters discovered the den of a she-wolf, and ascertained that it contained a litter of whelps. For the purpose of destroying the latter, they assembled at the place. On examining the entrance to the den, it was found to be perpendicular, and so narrow as to render it impossible or very difficult for a man to enter; and, as a notion prevails among the hunters that the female wolf only visits her young at night, it was proposed to send in a boy to destroy the whelps. A fine courageous boy, armed with a knife, was accordingly thrust into the cavern, where, to his surprise, he found himself in the company of the she-wolf, whose glistening eyeballs, white teeth, and surly voice, sufficiently announced her presence. The boy retreated towards the entrance, and called to his friends, to inform them that the old wolf was there. The men told him that he was mistaken, that the old wolf never staid with her young in daylight, and advised him to go boldly up to the bed and destroy the litter. The boy, thinking that the darkness of the cave might have deceived him, returned, advanced boldly, and laid his hand upon the she-wolf, who sprang upon him, and bit him very severely before he could effect his retreat, and would probably have killed him, had he not defended himself with resolution. One or two of the men now succeeded in effecting an entrance; the wolf was shot, and her offspring destroyed."

#### SAGACITY OF THE ARABS IN TRACING FOOTSTEPS.

ALTHOUGH it may be said, that almost every Bedouin acquires, by practice, some knowledge in this art, yet a few only of the most enterprising and active men excel in it. The Arab who has applied himself diligently to the study of footsteps can generally ascertain, from inspecting the impression, to what individual of his own or of some neighbouring tribe the footprint belongs, and therefore is able to judge whether it was a stranger who passed or a friend. He likewise knows, from the slowness or depth of the impression, whether the man who made it carried a load or not. From the strength or faintness of the trace, he can also tell whether the man passed on the same day, or one or two days before. From a certain regularity of interval between the steps, a Bedouin can judge whether the man whose feet left the impression was fatigued or not; as, after fatigue, the pace becomes more irregular, and the intervals unequal. Thence he can calculate the chance of overtaking the man. Besides all this, every Arab knows the printed footsteps of his own camels, and of those belonging to his immediate neighbours. He knows, by the depth or slowness of the impression, whether a camel was pasturing, and therefore not carrying any load, or mounted by one person only, or heavily loaded. If the marks of the two fore-feet appear to be deeper in the sand than those of the hind-feet, he concludes that the camel had a weak breast; and this serves him as a clue to ascertain the owner. In fact, a Bedouin, from the impression of a camel's or of his driver's footsteps, draws so many conclusions, that he always learns something of the beast or its owner; and in some cases this mode of acquiring knowledge seems almost supernatural. The Bedouin sagacity in this respect is wonderful, and becomes particularly useful in the pursuit of fugitives, or in searching after cattle. I have seen a man discover and trace the footsteps of his camel in a sandy valley, where thousands of other footsteps crossed the road in every direction; and this person could tell the name of every one who had passed there in the course of that morning. I myself found it often useful to know the impression made by the feet of my own companions and camels; as, from circumstances which inevitably occur in the Desert, travellers sometimes are separated from their friends. In passing through dangerous districts, the Bedouin guides will seldom permit a townsman or stranger to walk by the side of his camel. If he wears shoes, every Bedouin who passes will know by the impression that some townsman has travelled that way; and if he walks barefooted, the mark of his step, less full than that of a Bedouin, immediately betrays the foot of a townsman, little accustomed to walk. It is therefore to be apprehended, that the Bedouins, who regard every townsman as a rich man, might suppose him loaded with valuable treasures, and accordingly set out in pursuit of him. A keen Bedouin guide is constantly and exclusively occupied, during his march, in examining footsteps, and frequently alights from his camel to acquire certainty respecting their nature. I have known instances of camels being traced by their masters, during a distance of six days' journey, to the dwelling of the man who had stolen them.

Many secret transactions are brought to light by this knowledge of "Athr," or "footsteps;" and a Bedouin can scarcely hope to escape detection in any clandestine proceedings, as his passage is recorded upon the road in characters that every one of his Arab neighbours can read.—*Burckhardt's Notes on the Bedouins.*

#### VIOLETS.

Not from the verdant garden's cultured bound,  
That breathes of Pæstum's aromatic gale,  
We sprung; but nurseries of the lonely vale,  
'Midst woods obscure and native glooms were found.  
'Midst woods and glooms, whose tangled brakes around  
Once Venus sorrowing traced, as all forlorn  
She sought Adonis, when a lurking thorn  
Deep on her foot impressed an impious wound.  
Then prone to earth we bowed our pallid flowers  
And caught the drops divine: the purple dyes  
Tinging the lustre of our native hue.  
Nor summer gales, nor art-conducted showers  
Have nursed our tender forms, but lovers' sighs  
Have been our gales, and lovers' tears our dew.

*Lorenzo dei Medici, translated by Roscoe.*

# ON THE EFFECTS PRODUCED ON PLANTS UNDER IMPROVED OR SUPERIOR MODES OF MANAGEMENT.

Our collections of herbaceous border flowers are extensive, and are arranged over the vacant surface in order that they may present their flowers in due season. This they usually do without other care than digging the ground amongst them once a year, and keeping them free from weeds. If they grow and flower moderately well, it is all that is expected of them. But it is worthy of remark, that if any one of these common plants receive, either by design or accident, extraordinary culture by manuring, or by pruning so as to concentrate their constitutional vigour, their subsequent development is so remarkably different that they are scarcely recognisable as the same species.

We could point to many instances of such effects of culture; but we will confine ourselves at present to one common and well-known plant, the *Campanula pyramidalis*. This elegant and showy plant flowers very well whether planted out in borders or when placed in pots, and throws up its pyramidal spikes of blue bells from one to two feet high. But if the requisite culture be given, the flower-stems may be made to rise to the height of above eight feet, and covered with blossoms from top to bottom.

The manner of doing this we shall now briefly describe, as performed by a very good florist, who excels in the culture of this and other common herbaceous plants.

About the middle of May he sows the seed in a warm situation under a hand-glass in light soil, covering it about one-quarter of an inch deep. After the seedlings appear they should be gradually inured to the air, and at the same time keeping the soil moderately moist, which greatly assists their growth. When the plants are about one inch high, they should be transplanted into a bed previously prepared: this preparation is excavating the bed to the depth of one foot, and laying in the bottom three or four inches of good rotten dung, filling up with light rich soil. In pricking out the plants, ten inches apart, care is taken of the roots. When planted, an inch of dung should be spread over the surface among the plants to retain moisture. An east or west aspect is considered better than either a south or north. If the weather prove dry, the plants are regularly supplied with dung-water not too strong, which, by autumn, will render them strong and healthy. During winter they are protected from severe frosts, by having loose hay or straw thrown lightly over so as not to break the leaves.

In the month of March the plants are examined, and if any appear to throw up a flower-stem, the plant must be carefully taken up and the stem cut off, leaving a few buds on the crown. Moving the plant is to check its growth; for if cut over, and not removed, it would quickly throw up a number of other stems, which would greatly weaken the plant. If many require this treatment, they should be replanted at greater distances apart, and be shaded from the sun, if powerful, for a few days. Watering with manured water must be continued three times a week at least, especially if the weather be dry; for on this supply of manure in a liquid state the whole success depends. In the next autumn the plants will be bulky and luxuriant; and when done growing, in October, the ground should be covered, to the depth of three or four inches, with old tanner's bark, sawdust, or coal-ashes, but not so deep as to cover the points of the shoots; and if the winter be severe, protect with loose straw as before.

In the third year, before the plants begin to grow, they may be removed to where they are intended to flower; either into pots, or into beds, or groups, in the flower-garden. They should be taken up with entire balls, and replanted or potted in rich compost. In their new stations they may require watering, and as they advance in height must be carefully fastened to stakes.

The circumstance of keeping the plants so highly fed ensures extraordinary luxuriance, and as already said, causes such amplitude of the whole plant as to arrive at the height of above eight feet, with flowering branches and branchlets all round—altogether splendid objects, and well worth the care bestowed.

Some florists place these plants in large pots, and train them on a light frame of wood fixed to the pot, in which form, when in flower, they are fine ornaments for a side-board, a window, or other place in a dwelling-house.

## ANECDOTES OF COPERNICUS.

THE Copernican theory was not, with all its simplicity, free from real difficulties. "If your scheme is correct," said the opponent of Copernicus, "Venus should have phases like the moon." The difficulty was a critical one, and the mode in which Copernicus dealt with it is a most emphatic proof of the greatness of his mind. An inferior person would at once have denied the fact, and brought forward metaphysical reasons, of a kind then much in vogue, why Venus should not be subject to such laws; but after some wavering, our astronomer boldly acknowledged the accuracy of the deduction, and, in the finest spirit of prophecy, added, without hesitation, that, should men ever see Venus better, they would discern her phases! And, singularly enough, the verification of this confident prediction was one of the earliest achievements of the telescope.

Affected, however, by a modesty which had a parallel in after-times in the conduct of Newton, he was long in giving his authenticated labours to the world, and the proof-copy of his work on the "Revolution of the Celestial Orbs" reached him only on his death-bed, when, in the words of his admirable friend, the Bishop of Culm, he was occupied with weightier cares. There is something strangely solemn in that occurrence: the mortal was expiring, and about to crumble into dust, and at the same moment his name was being clothed with majesty and honour, going forth in glory and power, to live at least as long as this world! The frame which contained Copernicus partook of the fates of other men, and was laid down to repose within the precincts of the mountain-church of Frauenberg. Rude spheres engraven on his tomb, and a half-effaced name, still mark the spot, which was lately sought and identified by two pious Poles; at whose instance a statue was erected, and consecrated to his memory, and crowned before a mighty and reverent assemblage in the great square of Warsaw, in that recent year in which Poland ceased to be a nation.—*Nichol's Phenomena and Order of the Solar System.*

## ELECTIONEERING IN THE BACKWOODS.

WHEN you see me electioneering, I goes fixed for the purpose. I've got a suit of deer-leather clothes, with two big pockets: so I puts a bottle of whisky in one, and a twist of tobacco in t'other, and starts out: then if I meets a friend, why I pulls out my bottle and gives him a drink;—he'll be mighty apt, before he drinks, to throw away his tobacco;—so when he's done, I pulls my twist out of t'other pocket, and gives him a *chaw*. I never likes to leave a man worse off than when I found him. If I had given him a drink, and he had lost his tobacco, he would not have made much; but give him tobacco and a drink too, and you are mighty apt to get his vote.—*Colonel Crockett.*

## A BROTHER'S LOVE.

THOUGH many a year has o'er me past,  
And none from bitter change was free,  
Yet lives one thought,—'twill die the last,—  
Sweet sister, 'twas the thought of thee!  
Earth, and the loves of earth, are vain,  
But ours was registered above:  
And, Agnes, neither time nor pain  
Have shook thy brother's early love.

I see the parting moment yet,  
I hear thy gentle voice decay;  
Oh! how shall I the tear forget  
That from thy cheek I kissed away!  
We parted!—many a look I cast  
To see thee lingering on the hill;  
Then far from home and thee I past,  
Yet stayed in spirit with thee still.

We loved, when hearts were holy things;  
And though my locks are scattered now,  
And Time, yet on his softest wings,  
Has touched thy crimson cheek with snow;  
And though our early hope be gone,  
And life with slower pulses move,  
Come to my heart, till life is done,  
Thou idol of a brother's love!

CROLY.

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